LOVE the LEVELLER;

OR, THE

Pretty Purchaſe.

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN

Bridges-Street, Covent-Garden.

Written by *G. B.* Gent.

——Populus me ſibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipſe domi, ſimul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.
Hor. Sat. L. 1.

LONDON,
Printed for *E. Rumbal*, at the Poſt-Houſe in *Ruſſel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; and are to be ſold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*. 1704.

Mr G. B. Love & Leveller &c — 1704

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

WHen I carry'd this Play to the Theatre, thanks to my Stars, it was not treated with Hoſtility, as an Interloper, but found ſo favourable a Reception, that I dare boldly ſay, the beſt Plays have hardly ever met with a fuller Audience, or the beſt Poets more Generous Friends.

Yet I can't diſown, but what I preſent, approaches from an artleſs, unpractis'd Hand; therefore give me leave to

ſay in its defence, that altho' it is not wrought with that ſtrong and vigorous Genius, which is requiſite to dive into the depth of *Nature*, and copy out the Maſter-ſtrokes of that great *Original*; yet the Character however of *Sordido*, (ſuch a ſort of Man as perhaps may often be found,) has ſcarce (as I know of) been ever before expos'd upon the Stage: This part, as well as that of *Feſtolin*, might have been more acceptable, had not the laſt Correcting hand prov'd ſo cruel, as inſtead of playing the skilful Chyrurgeon, in cutting away the corrupted Parts, like a Slaughterer, he lopp'd off whole Limbs, and mangl'd it into a barbarous Deformity, ſhewing all along a much more willingneſs to deſtroy, than either Judgment or deſire to heal.

I know moreover that I have been blam'd,

blam'd, as if I had laid undecent hands on Holy Things, by ſhewing too great Irreverence to the Clergy, in the Characters of the Prieſts. I call God to witneſs, I believe no Man living venerates more that Sacred Function, than my ſelf; and, conſequently, could have no ſuch deſign: nor could I ever conceive that repreſenting the Cheats of the Prieſts of *Iſis*, could be a reflection on the Chriſtian Prieſthood, more than the Story of *Bel* and the *Dragon*, which, I dare ſay, no one ever cenſur'd.

Actors

Actors Names.

Algernoon.	Mr. *Griffin.*
Andramont.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Semorin.	Mr. *Mills.*
Sallamack.	Mr. *Bickerſtaff.*
Dormandle.	Mr. *Thoms.*
Dewcraft.	Mr. *Williams.*
Belloon.	Mr. *Kent.*
Feſtolin.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Sordico.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
H. Prieſt.	Mr. *Ballock.*
Prieſt.	Mr. *Norris.*

Servants and Guards.

Princeſs Dowager.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Princeſs Conſtantia.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Dutcheſs Semorin.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Sordico's Wife.	Mrs. *Moore.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

WITH leſs concern the Guilty Thief does wait,
Expecting the dire Sentence of his Fate,
Than does an upſtart Poet tamely ſtay,
To hear the fatal Judgment of his Play.
You, who to Poets crueller appear, [*Addreſs to the*
Than to the Merchant the French *Privateer;* *ſide Boxes.*
Like Storms to ruine all, your fury tends,
Without a thought of either Foes or Friends;
Had you but liv'd in any other Age,
You'd frighted venturing Poets from the Stage.
As for the meagre Criticks of the Pit,
They come reſolv'd, we know, to cenſure Wit,
As Eunuchs rail at ſin, becauſe they are unfit.
Our Poet, thus incens'd, he bid me ſwear
He'll not be try'd, but by the Juſt and Fair.
Your ſmiles, like Titan's *Rays, drive ſtorms away,* [*To the Ladies in the*
And ſpight of Fogs and Night, commands the Day. *Boxes.*
But for the fair Unknown, that muffl'd ſit,
Like Stars Eclips'd, and darken all the Pit:
He's ſure of you, whatever elſe ſhould happen,
And knows it well, that your kind gift is clapping.

Yet

Yet after all, he can't diſmiſs his Cares,
Still toſs'd and tumbl'd betwixt Hopes and Fears.
Dryden *himſelf has in his turn been ſlighted,*
And bungling Maurus *for his Canting Knighted.*
Merit too oft does unrewarded go,
And damn'd dull Blockheads thrive for being ſo.
Be this his comfort then, whilſt nothing's certain,
To ſpeed like ſome, the greater Fool, the better fortune.

Love

Love the Leveller, &c.

ACT I.

Enter Princeſs Conſtantia *Dreſſing, with Attendants: Princeſs* Dowager *ſitting by her: Count* Algernoon: *Lord* Sallymack, *Lord* Dormantle.

SCENE opens with them all on the Stage.

Sally. COunt *Raymond* kill'd, and in a Duel!——

Dorm. Who is this fortunate and unknown Hero, that cou'd deſtroy Count *Raymond*?——

Alger. 'Tis one ſo fill'd with true Honour and Courage, that his worſt Enemies can't detract the leaſt from his Praiſes.

Dorm. Hold, good Uncle, this is a great Character; Pray inform us what wonder of Mankind this is?

Alger. I'm confident 'twill grate your very Souls to hear it: Then know 'tis the Duke of *Seva*'s Son, young Marquiſs *Antramont*.——

Dorm. A Pedlar's Son, by my life.

Alger. You are all Pride and Detraction, envy his Blooming Honours, but will ne'er be able to blaſt 'em: His Father 'tis true was but a Merchant, yet ſuch a one, who by his Power, Courage, and Fidelity, ſet the King's Crown on's Head.

Sally. But ſtill a Pedlar; a *Santebrook* wou'd rather bravely ſubmitted to his ill Fortune, than ow'd his Preſervation to that Family. I ſhou'd be unwilling to cenſure the King's Actions;

but to receive the Crown from ſuch a one, 'twas ſure beneath him.——

Alger. O Envy! Envy! How it works in 'em.——

Dowa. But why, good Brother, are you ſtruck with ſo deep and concern'd a ſenſe, as to deifie a wretch of ſo baſe an Abſtract?——'Tis true the King has Created his Father Duke of *Seva*, and him Marquiſs *Andramont*, General of his Army: Perhaps done ſome ſmall petty Service.——

Alger. Good Siſter, What was any of our great Family Nineteen Generations ago? Then why all this Pride, Lady?——

Sally. That we ſhould ſtand by, thus patiently to hear our ſelves ſo abus'd?——I forget in whoſe Preſence I am, which makes me ſilent.——

Alger. Peace Bablers, peace.—— [*Laying his hand on's Sword.* Malicious Praters, what ſhall I call you? 'Tis Malice in the higheſt degree: Never was Man more deſerving than young *Andramont*. Have you not heard how our men ſhrunk back, unable to ſuſtain the Enemies Troops, 'till *Andramont* appear'd, and bravely turn'd the fortune of the Day? Muſt ſo great a Man be ſtil'd a Pedlar? Is this juſt dealing? You envy him, 'tis plain. Confeſs it.

Sally. This to us, Sir? [*Drawing his Sword.*

Prin. Hold, Couſins, now 'tis high time for me to ſpeak. What my Uncle *Algernoon* has ſaid, the World owns for truth. The People daily teſtifie it, by their Loud Acclamations in *Adramont*'s favour.——I wiſh you cou'd as well boaſt of your Diſcretions: How dare you talk thus boldly, for whom do you take me?——

Sally. For our great Princeſs *Santebrook*.

Dorm. And Chief of our Noble Houſe.——

Prin. Then ſee you uſe me ſo, in paying that Reſpect which is due to me.——But pray, Uncle, let me know how this brave Man came to fight with *Raymond*?

Alger. You'll ſay he is brave, when you know why he fought.

fought. *Andramont* fought in defence of your Honour, Madam.——

Prin. Heaven knows my innocence, and my very thoughts! but tell me quickly, for I long to know it, how, when, where, what was the occasion of his so ungenerously affronting me?——

Alger. You and the *Dowager* were at a Ball last Night.

Prin. We were so. What then?

Alger. There was Count *Raymond*, and his Friend *Belloon*, by them sat Duke *Semorin* and sprightly *Andramont*; *Raymond* speaking scandalously of some Ladies there, at last, Madam, fell on you, saying, that the young Princess was no better than another *Julia*: *Andramont* modestly Replyed, my opinion, and that of the whole Court is, she's truly Virtuous, and basely done in you to scandalize a Lady of so unblemish'd a Reputation: the business then went no farther, but this Morning in a private Assignation, met and fought, and brave *Andramont* fairly kill'd him.

Sally. To us it belong'd to have kill'd the Villain *Raymond.*

Dorm. That's the least of wrongs, 'tis worse than the abuse, to have her Honour vindicated by that base born Slave.

Prin. You mistake, *Dormantle*; and 'tis but just, that he who vindicates my Honour, shou'd be esteem'd so——

Alger. Spoke like a noble Princess, like your self, thou truest Image of thy dead Mother, who excell'd all her Sex: Great, yet not Proud: Witty, yet nothing vain: Devout, not bigotted: She was all Virtue and Humility.

Prin. *Andramont* has sufficiently prov'd his own Honour, in so nobly preserving mine.——

Dorm. Madam, you have already recompenc'd him, by so extravagantly extolling him; and stain'd your Honour more by doing so, than e'er *Raymond* did.——

Prin. What Monsters do Pride and Ambition make you! the first Reproachful word on *Andramont*, the same Minute

you forfeit my Friendſhip: Therefore young Uncles, go home, till I want your Counſel or Courage.——

Dowa. Stay, I command you: Shall my Sons be baniſh'd my preſence by any Power than my own?——

Prin. Madam, 'tis true you are my Guardian; but I made you ſo, and when I pleaſe can unmake you: I know who I am, and will accordingly uſe my Authority——Young Uncles, pray quit this place.

Dowa. They ſhall ſtay, and compel you to your Duty.—

Prin. Well, Madam, I'll to the King, and let him know your Uſage. Get my Coach ready immediately.——

Dowa. You ſhall have no Coach; Obey her, him that dares.——

Prin. Stands it with your Honour, Uncle, to ſee me thus treated, and made Priſoner in my own Palace.——

Alger. Siſter comply, don't hazard the King's favour, be wiſe, and command your Sons departure.——

Dowa. Sons, pray leave this place.

Prin. Not that I'm angry with 'em, but when I ſee occaſion, I love to be obey'd.—— [*Exeunt Sons.*

Alger. Come, come, your great Spirits muſt not Claſh, you ſhall be Friends.——

Prin. That's of no value, I ſuppoſe; may I have my Coach yet, Madam?

Dowa. How baſely does it look in a Princeſs, to ſubmit thus, yet I muſt do it to my farther ends.—— [*Aſide.*
Your Coach, Madam! you've ſuch a power over me, as you may command any thing.

Prin. Now, Madam, you're obliging.——

Alger. This is ſuch compliance, and good nature, as is not oft found in our Family.

Prin. Pray, good Sir, is it beneath any of our Family to be Grateful for any act of Friendſhip done us?

Alger. What makes you, Madam, ſtart ſo ſtrange a Queſtion? Tho' Pride be the Darling of ſome of our Family, I hope 'twill never make us ſuch Monſters.—— *Prin.*

Prin. Well ſaid, my dear Uncle: Madam, pray is not Gratitude the darling of Mankind?——

Dowa. Yes, if we know how and where to place it.

Prin. It wou'd not be miſplac'd on *Andramont*. Dear, Sir, Do you think it wou'd?——

Alger. I ſeldom trouble the Gods, except it be to Swear by them; and now I do, that it is a great thought, and muſt be Cheriſh'd in you.——

Dowa. Brother it will be ſuch a ſtain to deſcend to that, as nothing can repair: Gratitude miſplac'd is folly, neither will it become us to take notice of ſo mean a thing as *Andramont*, for killing Count *Raymond*.——

Alger. But why? he kill'd him, good Siſter, and it ought with all Civility to be acknowledg'd.——

Dowa. You'll deſtroy our Dignity to ſtoop to him; Can the little creeping Ant oblige an Eagle? if you'd have him thank'd, do it by a Servant.——

Alger. A Servant! the diſhonour wou'd reflect on us, Madam: I'll do't my ſelf.——

Prin. That's not enough; I who am oblig'd, ought in Perſon to Acknowledge it, therefore will have him ſent for, that we may all be Grateful.

Dowa. I will have the Villain come, on purpoſe to affront him.—— (*Aſide.*) Your obliging Addreſs Commands me. Brother, do your pleaſure, be tender of the Dignity of our Family, that's all. [*Exit Dowa.*

Prin. Uncle, I hope he will not refuſe to come, ſince I deſire to ſee him?

Alger. No, my life on't, he will receive ſo great an Honour as becomes him.——

Prin. My dear Uncle, make haſte, for I find my ſelf reſtleſs and uneaſie, till I have paid my debt to him.——

Alger. Old as I am, I'll fly to have that ſcore paid; ſo my Dear Princeſs, farewel.——

Prin.

Prin. Pray, Sir, take care my proud Uncles don't affront him when he comes.——

Alger. They had better eat fire; go in, and fear nothing.—— [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. Sordico's *Houſe.*

Enter Sordico, *and Lord* Feſtolin.

Sord. What makes thee haunt and trouble me thus? I know thou would'ſt borrow Mony upon thy Land with half a Title; thou may'ſt as well Mortgage one of the Leeward Iſlands to me, and I'll as ſoon lend thee Mony on't.——

Feſt. Sirrah, don't be ſo ſawcy, but uſe me with more reſpect; you forget that I am Count *Feſtolin.*

Sord. Sawcy! what with a poor and wanting Lord, a Beggar! I can't be ſo with thee: Sawcy, go, go, ſell thy Title of Honour, thou may'ſt perhaps light of a Fop, or an overgrown Alderman will give thee Mony for't.

Feſt. Upon my Honour, *Sordico*, I want no Mony.——

Sord. What the Devil can thy buſineſs be with me then?—

Feſt. Quite another thing. I come to make you an offer which ſhall be for your profit and advantage——

Sord. Then I am your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant—Pray, my Lord, forgive my rudeneſs; you are of a great Family, now I reflect on't, and an Honourable Gentleman: I beſeech you what is your Lordſhip's buſineſs?

Feſt. Sir, in ſhort, you have a handſom Wife.——

Sord. I have ſo, what then, Sir?

Feſt. A Perſon of extraordinary Quality is deſperately in Love with her, and the poor innocent young Gentleman, is ſo modeſt and ſo baſhful, to ſave his life can't ſpeak to her himſelf; and is it not a thouſand pities, Sir?——

Sord.

Sord. 'Tis pity indeed that he ſhould be ſo Modeſt.

Feſt. Therefore, Sir, he deſires you'l give me leave to Court your Lady for him, or elſe oblige him with that great honour of doing it your Self.

Sord. Was ever ſuch a Propoſition made as this is, without offering me a Reward too? By all the Gods I Swear. Hold, I will not Swear by them all, for I have two or three of my own ſomewhere about the Houſe.——

Feſt. What haſt thou Gods of thy own?——

Sord. No, Hang 'em, they're none of mine. A Prieſt pawn'd 'em to my Father, and the Rogue never ſince redeem'd them; they are but Wood indeed, and I hope I may make bold to Swear by them: Then by them Timber Gods I Swear, the King and Court ſhall know of this.——

Feſt. I deſire no better ſport, for there thou wilt be laught at to Death. Beſides it is ſo Impudent a thing, that no Man living will believe thee.——

Sord. Thou ſay'ſt true in that; but I'll have Witneſs. Who's there? Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your Pleaſure, Sir.——

Sord. Stay, and bear Witneſs of our Diſcourſe, Sirrah.——

Feſt. One word in your Ear.

Sord. Bear Witneſs he wou'd Whiſper with me.——

Feſt. I have three Thouſand *Cecchines* to Preſent you with.

Sord. Begon, Knave, I have no further Service for you. Once more let me hear what you ſay, Sir? [*Ex. Serv.*

Feſt. I have three Thouſand *Cecchines* to preſent you with.

Sord. A moſt worthy Preſent, but thou art ſo Joaking a Lord, there's no believing thee.——

Feſt. Now, Sir, I'le go tell the Court, thou wou'dſt Proſtrate thy Wife for three Thouſand *Cecchines*.——

Sord.

Sord. Did I not tell thee what a Knave thou art? Thou haſt no Credit to ſtrike the leaſt Impreſſion. I'm ſure the King will not believe thee, for he owes me Money. Hang you, Hang you, yet if I thought you ſerious, I would hearken to thee.——

Feſt. By my Life I am, and have the Money by me, and the Man is the Modeſt Count *Dewcraſt*.

Sord. I know him, I knew his honeſt good Father, and I Remember had juſt three Thouſand *Cecchines* of him for my firſt Wife. The very Sum as the Son offers me for my ſecond, which you'll ſay is very ſtrange.—

Feſt. See, good *Sordico*, there's a Providence in it which nothing can Reſiſt, therefore, Sir, go chearfully to Work, and the firſt Minute ſhe Conſents, the Money is yours.——

Sord. But haſt thou, as thou hopes to ſcape the Galleys, theſe *Cecchines* by thee?——

Feſt. I, upon my Honour have I.

Sord. Hang thy Honour; 'tis ſo old a Pawn, and been ſo oft Mortgag'd, that 'tis wore Threed-bare, and will paſſon no Man; Come, is it the Ready, for I'le give no Credit?

Feſt. Go home with me, and you ſhall have the Satisfaction not only of ſeeing them, but of telling them over——

Sord. O my good, my Honourable Lord, whatever I ſay 'tis nothing; when I affront your Lordſhip, at the ſame time I honour you in my heart. I'le go with you, my Lord, and tell over thoſe dear *Cecchines*, and here's my hand I'le make my Spouſe weary of her Life if ſhe Refuſe me. O, theſe dear *Cecchines*.—

[*Exeunt.*

State Room.

Enter Princeſs Dowager *at one Door, Count* Algernoon *and* Andromont *at the other.*

Alger. Madam, this is Marquiſs *Andramont*. Sir, I will tell the Young Princeſs you are here, and return immediately.

[*Exit.*

Andr.

Andr. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. [*Offering to kiſs her Hand.*

Dowa. Not ſo, Sir, keep your diſtance. Do you know who I am, Sir?

Andr. By ſo ſcornfully refuſing your Hand, I ſhould take you to be the Princeſs *Dowager.*

Dowa. I am ſo, Sir. What hopes had you then to expect ſo great a favour, as my Hand?

Andr. O, Madam, the Queen vouchſafes her Hand to kiſs to the meaneſt of her Subjects.

Dowa. But then thoſe Subjects kneel, Sir.——

Andr. So you expect that from me, Madam——

Dowa. I will not anſwer you, Sir.

Enter Algernoon.

Alger. My Lord, our Princeſs will wait on you preſently.

Dowa. How, Brother, wait? the Princeſs wait?

Alger. Good Siſter, is it not an uſual and common Phraſe amongſt all Mankind?

Dowa. But not to us, and that's the Cauſe I ſcorn to come at Court, to wait as they call it; not but that I owe ſome ſmall reſpect to the Queen: but to ſtand in her preſence like one of her Subjects without diſtinction, is that which I deteſt.

Alger. Is this Diſcourſe Entertainment for *Andramont*?

Dowa. Will you direct my tongue and actions, Brother? you have ſaid enough.——Now, Sir, I wou'd know why you kill'd *Raymond*?

Andr. Madam, 'twas not I, it was the Cauſe I fought deſtroy'd him; which without my Valour wou'd have been proſperous and ſtood its own defender; for a Guardian Angel ſhou'd always attend a juſt one, and when Heav'n Arms, we have no reaſon to doubt a Victory.

Dowa. What was that juſt cauſe, Sir, that had ſuch power? Nothing but wrong'd Virtue cou'd have influence on Fate.

Andr. You have ſaid well, Madam; for it was in defence of the Princeſs's Honour that I kill'd Count *Raymond.*

Alger. Was e're ſo modeſt and Honourable a Youth as this is?

Dowa. Well, Brother, you have overdone it; does not your ſucceſs, Sir, make you proud, that you are become the Champion of ſo great a Princeſs.

Andr. It was a Chance ſo far beyond my wiſhes, that my Ambition never hop'd it.——

Dowa. You point at me in this.——

Andr. I hope you're not Ambitious, Madam?

Dowa. I am, and by my Honour own my Pride. In you I grant 'twou'd be ridiculous, Humility wou'd beſt become ſuch as you are, *Andramont.*

Andr. Pray, Sir, be not concern'd that I am thus affronted.

[Algernoon *ſeems troubled.*

Alger. 'Tis impoſſible.——

Dowa. How can you be affronted, 'tis we that are ſo, when you and your Relations are ſo ſawcy to give out, *as you are* to Marry the Princeſs.

Andr. I muſt confeſs, Madam, 'twou'd be preſumption in me, to pretend to ſo great an Honour: But when I Marry, it ſhall not be for Titles and Riches altogether, but for her Virtues.

Dowa. Unheard of Impudence! does then our Princeſs want Virtue?

Andr. Madam, I think ſhe has ſo great a ſhare of it, that ſhe may ſpare enough to make you more modeſt.—— 'Tis plain you intended to affront me; the Court knows why I fought, they likewiſe know you ſent for me?——

Dowa. That's falſe, Sir.

Alger. Did not you conſent to have him ſent for.——

Dowa. No, I ſuffer'd it, but never conſented.——

Andr. Madam, you have thrown your venom on me, ſo I take my leave.——

Alger.

Alger. Dear *Andramont* ſtay, and ſee the Princeſs.——

Andr. Can I in Honour do it, after ſo many groſs affronts? No, Sir, it will require time to return your Civilities.—

Alger. I will ever ſerve thee, brave young Man. [*Exit. Andr.*

Dowa. This is as I meant it, to have him gone before he ſaw the Princeſs, this baſe Spaniel *Algernoon*, to fawn thus, he dotes on him, and I much fear the Princeſs will; by this means I ſhall loſe 'em both, but if I do, *Andramont* ſhall not have many Duels to fight.——

Enter Princeſs *and* Algernoon *ſeverally.*

Prin. Where is *Andramont*? Did you not ſend me word he was here, Sir.

Alger. He was here, but cou'd not ſtay——

Prin. Cou'd not ſtay! What does he pay himſelf the Debt I owe him by ſlighting me?——

Alg. No, Madam, never was Gentleman ſo affronted, how ridiculous a thing is Honour, but in the hands of ſuch as can well manage it. You have been laviſh of yours, Madam— [*To Dowager.*

Dowa. I have done what's fit for me, and mine to do, our greatneſs will bear no more——

Alger. Your Greatneſs and Pride together ill becomes you, Madam.

Prin. What *Andramont* ſent for to be affronted, Madam?— Who bravely hazarded his Life on my Account, can you think Greatneſs conſiſts in Pride and ill manners?

Dowa. Can I appear thus to *Andramont*?——

Alger. Mad, ridiculouſly Mad.

Prin. Are none beneath you to be treated Civilly, Madam? May not you and I Uncle, viſit the Marquiſs?

Alger. O no! but we may viſit the Dutcheſs *Semorin*, the Marqueſſes Siſter——

Dowa. I will take ſuch meaſures as ſhall prevent your deſigns.

Prin. Sir, Let's go. [*Exeunt* Alger. *and* Prin.

Dowa. They may fancy to themſelves great matters: Little think they how they are in my Power, and I'll keep 'em ſo.—

Plot as they pleaſe, I will oppoſe them ſtill,
And force them to ſubmit to what I will. [*Exit.*

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE the firſt continues.

Enter Dowager, Sallamack, *and* Dormantle.

Dowa. *Sallamack*, I charge thee on my Bleſſing to diſſemble with the *Princeſs* our young Heireſs——

Salla. Have not you two Princely Sons of your own, Madam? capable of the higheſt Preferment? And muſt an Heireſs carry off the Honour of our Family? and I only Count *Sallamack*—— A common Count——

Dowa. We will prevent it; do thou wiſely pry into the Princeſs's thoughts: inſinuate thy ſelf into thy Uncle *Algernoon*; ſeem to be ſtill of his opinion, and find whether he cheriſhes her in this affair or not——

Salla. I ſhall obey, Madam——O I am ſick for vengeance, the word Princeſs flies in my Face, and makes my very Soul uneaſie.

Dowa. I love thee for't: be uneaſie ſtill, 'till we gain our ends: here ſhe comes, obey my Commands——

Enter

Enter Princeſs.

Prin. I deſire to know, Madam, what Authority you have to lock up the Palace Gates, and Uſurp my Power after ſuch a manner? What muſt my Uncle *Algernoon* and I be your Priſoners?

Dowa. No Priſoners, Madam, only under ſome ſmall reſtraint, till you've learnt to know your ſelf; is it fit think you to ſtoop and acknowledge any thing to *Andramont?*

Prin. Yes, Madam, I intend him thanks———

Dowa. That will be too little, he ſhall be Rewarded, and ſo home and fully Rewarded, that your thanks will be needleſs.

Prin. Madam, if you thus deſpiſe every one, you may well affront poor *Andramont*———I hope you have not the *French* Art of Poiſoning?

Dorm. Poor *Andramont*! heard you that, Madam? ſhe loves the Peaſant violently. I have heard, Madam, that the Gods were once angry with a Queen, and in revenge made her dote on a deform'd ugly Dwarf ſhe had, but her Family was ſo wiſe as to ſave her Honour, by ſecuring her.

Prin. I expect the Application, I ſuppoſe you've done that to my Uncle, and my turn muſt come next———.

Salla. No, Madam, whilſt I have life, I wear my Honour ſtill about me, and a good Sword to defend it: If there were ſuch a thought in this Family, by my Father's Tomb——I wou'd force it from his Heart and lay't before you.

Dowa. Bravely diſſembled, my fine Hypocrite——. [*Aſide.*

Prin. Let me thank you for this, my dear Friend——— for I rejoice to find one *Suntebrook* to have ſuch true Principles of Honour.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Duke *Semorin*, Captain of the Guards, demands the Gates open; he ſays, he comes from the King, and muſt ſpeak with you——

Dowa. Muſt! you Sawcy Slave! ſay, he Muſt not come in.——

Dorm. Who cou'd give the King this Intelligence?

Serv. Your Uncle *Algernoon*; for he has, by the help of a Servant, made his Eſcape.

Dowa. Let's kill the Slave that has betray'd us.——

Salla. Good Madam, Command your Paſſion, you affront the King, in keeping Duke *Semorin* out.

Prin. Madam, the Gates are mine, and ſhall be open'd; go wait upon the Duke there.—— [*To the* Servants.

Dowa. No one ſtir, I Charge You.

Salla. Madam, we muſt; when your Paſſion is over you'll thank us for our diſobedience ——

Prin. Dear Friend *Sallamack*, go and Receive him.

Dowa. A Son of mine ought only to Receive a King, therefore let ſome Servants go.

Salla. The Princeſs calls me her Friend, and I muſt ſeem ſo. [*Aſide*] I hope, Madam, you will not be thus Paſſionate before Duke *Semorin*?

Dowa. I ſhall not Reſolve you, Sir, as I like his buſineſs.

Prin. I have none of all this Pride and State. You Return thanks for your Pride, I for my Humility.——

Dowa. That's derived to you from your mean Spirited Mother, who wou'd Stoop to the Familiarity of every little Baronneſs, to the Diſhonour and Leſſening of us all.

Enter

Enter Duke Semorin, Algernoon, *and Guards.*

Prin. O Dear Uncle, Ten thouſand Bleſſings on you for this deliverance. Embrace *Sallamack*, who in your abſence hath ſhew'd himſelf a true Friend to me.——

Alger. Thou haſt for ever oblig'd us, moſt worthy *Sallamack.* What, do you frown, Madam; I am at Liberty, and no more to be Impriſon'd.

Sem. I dare not attempt your Fair Hand, Madam, leaſt I ſhould meet with *Andramont's* Repulſe.— [*to the* Dowager. But lovely Princeſs I dare venture on yours.

Prin. Without the hazard of being Refus'd, Sir.

Dow. Did the King ſend you to affront me, Sir?——

Semo. No, Madam, but the next affront you offer the Princeſs, you ſhall no longer be her Governeſs, his Majeſty wou'd alſo know the Cauſe of Count *Algernoon's* Reſtraint.——

Dow. For that you ſhall Excuſe me, Sir: When next I come to Court, his Majeſty ſhall be Acquainted with the Reaſon.

Semo. Is it fit the King ſhou'd wait a Subject's Leiſure?

Dow. Subject! I tell you, Sir, the King ſhall be Satisfied by one of my own Family.

Semo. Madam, you are ſo Majeſtick, the King muſt ſend an Ambaſſador to treat with you.——

Dorm. Semorin, you forget your ſelf.——

Semo. This from the King to you, Sir; you are to Retire to your own Houſe, and not appear in the Princeſs's Palace 'till further order.——

Dorm. You may tell the King, *Semorin*, how readily I obey him. [*Exit Dormant.*

Semo. One thing more from the King to you Madam, he has created my Brother *Andramont* a Prince, the better to Enable him to kiſs your hand, Madam.

Dow. 'Tis not in the King's Power to make him worthy of that honour: and ſo tell his Majeſty.

Semo. I ſhall be ſure to do it, to ſerve you, Madam. *Prin*

Prin. But, Sir, has the King made him Prince *Andramont*, ſay you?

Sem. Yes, Madam.

Prin. Then why all this diſtance? Why ſhou'd the Vindication of my honour, reſt thus unacknowledg'd?

Alger. You have, Madam, a greater ſcore to pay than this. This Noble Duke here was his Second.——

Prin. Then, Sir, I am more Indebted to you, than I ſhall be able to Pay, however I ſhall alway endeavour to have you in my Thoughts.——

Semo. You have Madam, in theſe obliging Expreſſions ſufficiently rewarded us—One thing more, and then I've done. The Princeſs is not to be under the leaſt Reſtraint, but may Viſit whom ſhe Pleaſes——and her Uncles *Algernoon* and *Sallamack* are to wait on her.

Prin. I Deſire to make immediate uſe of the King's favour; and Viſit your Dutcheſs.——

Alger. You ſhall, Madam.

Semo. And I will with Joy attend your Highneſs to my Wife, and there thank you for the honour you have done us.——

Sall. We ſhall both wait on you, Madam, to Duke *Semorins*.

Dowa. There will be the firſt Accurſed ſtep to the Ruin of our Family.

Salla. She can loſe no Honour, Madam, ſince *Sallamack* attends her.—— [*Exeunt.*

Dowager Sola. That ſo brave a Deſign ſhould be Croſt thus unluckily, and all too by my own Careleſneſs, in not making ſure of *Algernoon*. I'm mad to think on't.

The uſe of Power till loſt is ſeldom known,
Now I ſhoud ſtrike, I find my Thunder gone.
But if kind Fortune ſmile on me once more,
Let me again get them within my Power,
Before my Rage like Ruines down they fall,
And I Mount up true Regent of them all.

SCENE

SCENE II. Sordico's *House.*

Enter Sordico *Solus.*

Bleſs the good *Sordico*, was ever ſuch a lucky Dog as thou art, to have ſuch an offer made thee! [*Clapping his hand on's Shoulder.* Three thouſand *Cecchines*, all full Weight and Good! why 'tis an Eſtate for an Alderman. I Remember my Grannum oft-times told me, that I ſhou'd come to good Fortune; and now her Propheſy in a manner proves true. Why to have ſuch a Sum offer'd, for Lending one's Wife only for a Night or two, for juſt nothing,—what unexpected good Fortune this is? Some Fools perhaps may ſay that I am a Cuckold for't. Why? What's that? we in *Creet* live in a moſt Bleſſed place. For here, like the Contented Citizens of *England*, we wear our Horns as Loftily as a Stagg, and as inoffencively! Well, all my buſineſs is to Perſwade her——O Gold! How it Encourages a Man! Were it not for this Dear Tempting Metal, though I am her own Dear Husband, I ſhou'd be as much out of Countenance, in asking her to be Civil to the Gentleman, as a Country Clown is to his Landlord's Daughter: But when I Conſider again on't, ſhe has no Reaſon to Quarrel with me for asking her Conſent: For is it not a grievous thing for a Wife to be forc'd to have Children by her own Husband?—The Truth on't is, I have not been over kind to her.——If I Proſper, I'le preſent the Prieſts: tho' I ſeldom give thoſe ſort of People any thing.

Enter Singing-Man.

Sing. Man. Prey, Sir, are you for a Leſſon of Muſick, or for a Song, Sir?

Sord. A Song, say'st thou! Why, I faith now, this is Lucky, 'twill make me go about my business with a greater appetite. Come, let me hear you, Fellow. [*Song.*

Sord. Well, here's a Reward for you: Why a Dad this hits my humour exactly; so my Wife obliges me in this Particular, let her be as kind to others as she will afterwards, I'le ne're be Jealous of her——— [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Dutchess *and Women.*

Enter Duke Semorin, *Princess,* Algernoon, *and* Sallamack.

Sem. The Princess *Santebrook,* Madam.———

Dut. Dear Princess, what shall I do to shew my self sufficiently Grateful for the Honour of your Visit?———

Prin. Did you but know, Madam, how much I am oblig'd to your Family, you cou'd not think this Complement due to me.———

Alger. Semorin, pray where is the Prince your Brother?

Semo. Unfortunately gone to Court; but I have sent to let him know, that the Princess is come to Visit us; and I Question not but the sense of so great an honour, will make him take Wing and fly to pay his Duty here.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Prince *Andramont*'s Return'd from Court, Sir.———

Alger. Prince *Andramont,* Madam.———

Enter Andramont.

Andr. I beg the Honour, Madam, of your Princely hand.

Prin. If Custom would allow of higher than of Kissing my hand, I ought to tender them as your due.———

Salla. Was ever Honour thus Violated!——— [*Aside.*

Alger.

Alger. Here's no Grandmother in this Lady.

Semo. I Rejoyce exceedingly to ſee it ſo,——

Alger. What a Comfort is this, in my Declining Age, to find any of my Family ſo ſweetly Grateful. O Good *Semorin*, how beautiful a thing is Gratitude in any Creature! but in a *Santebrook*, a Miracle!——

Salla. Thou ſhalt not live to ſee more Miracles [*Aſide.*] Uncle, you and I can be as Grateful as any Men. Three in a Family are enough to race out the Pride and Rancour of the reſt.—

Dur. Madam, will you be pleas'd to honour my Appartment with your Preſence, we have provided a ſmall Entertainment for your Diverſion.——

Prin. I accept your kindneſs, Madam.——

Dur. Count *Sallamar*, won't you be pleas'd to make one in our Company?——

Salla. I'le follow you, Madam,—— That I muſt diſſemble thus. [*Aſide.*

——

The SCENE *Draws, and Diſcovers* Venus *ſitting on a Couch, and Four Cupids ſtanding round her. An Entertainment of Muſick and Dancing.*

Prin. I thank you, Madam, for your Entertainment, 'twas Exceeding Delightful; and muſt now take leave of this Agreeable Company. I muſt ask a favour of Prince *Andramont.*——

Andr. I am all obedience, Madam.

Prin. Sir, I can't think a bare Viſit or Verbal thanks ſufficient for the Honour you've done me, I deſire you to wear this Jewel, not as a Requital, but as an Acknowledgment.——

Andr. I Receive it, Madam, on my knees, with Reverence and Devotion; and ſhall always Eſteem it equal with my Life.——

Salla. I can diſſemble no longer—— [*Aſide.* I am a little indiſpos'd, Uncle, and am unwillingly forc'd to leave you.

Alger. You're not ſick, I hope, to ſee your Niece preſent that Jewel to *Andramont*?

Salla. You ſhall know that at home, Sir: His Title and Birth turns every thing into Ridicule; he reſembles mightily the Beggar in the Story, with a Crown on's Head——

Alger. You're a Villain, and a Treacherous one——

Salla. And you the baſe Betrayer of our Family; and ſhall know it, Sir. [*Exit* Sall.

Prin. What's the matter with my Uncle *Sallamack*?

Alger. He's falſe, his Mother's Spie: My Heir! I'll make a falſe Prieſt my Heir as ſoon: Madam, he does not approve your giving Prince *Andramont* that Jewel——

Prin. I fear his ſo ſuddenly leaving us, may be dangerous; were it not better, Uncle, to ſtay here; ſince I preſume we may be welcome?——

Alger. Prince *Andramont* has moſt Honourably expreſt his Friendſhip to us, but we can't ſtay for many Reaſons; ſhall it be ſaid, Old *Algernoon* durſt not go home, but lay abroad for fear? the very thought fixes my Reſolution: No, we will go home, tho' the Devil or the *Dowager* ſtand Porter at the Gates to deny us entrance.

Sem. If you think it, Sir, convenient to ſtay, 'twill raiſe a general gladneſs in us all: if not, a ſtrong Guard ſhall attend you all Night; for the *Dowager* and her Sons are not to be truſted: and to morrow, doubtleſs upon Complaint, the King will remove the Princeſs.——

Alger. Your Counſel's good, and we kindly accept it—— I'm ready to wait on you, Madam. [*To the Princeſs.*

Prin. My Obligations are great to you all. [*Exit.*

Andr. This muſt make our Families open Enemies, now ſhall the World know where true Honour's planted.——

Mistaken Fools! to boast what's not their own,
Whilst they are great by others Labours grown.
Virtue to Honour's Bed my guide shall be,
That shall raise me, and I my Family. [*Exit.*

The End of the second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Sordico's *House.*

Enter Lord Festolin *and* Sordico.

Festo. WEll, Seignior *Sordico*, have you prevail'd with your Lady, to be kind to the poor modest Lord?——

Sord. No, no, Sir.——

Fest. Alack what shall we do! upon my life, the poor Gentleman will dye.——

Sord. In truth, Sir, I do consider and pity him exceedingly, I have us'd all means possible, fair and foul, to make her yield to him; I have told her the necessity of it, how it wou'd be the making of me, and that I believ'd she spitefully affected the ruine of her none dear Spouse, if she continues obstinate; I told her she might redeem all yet, and that if she did not, she shou'd esteem her self as lost.

Fest. What! and did none of these Arguments move her?

Sord.

Sord. No, she was deaf to all of them: she pleaded, as I did this only to attempt her Virtue. I inform'd her as well as I could of my honest meaning, and that I had no such humour: I bid her shew her Obedience as a Wife ought to do; but all was to no purpose, her Heart was as hard as Flint, Sir; I cou'd get no other Answer but Virtue; Virtue, with a Pox to't. Well, I'm certainly the first unlucky Man, as was e're ruin'd by his Wife's being Virtuous.

Fest. By my Troth I believe thee. But thou speak'st as if thou wert undone, Man!——

Sord. Pray, what do you call undoing, my Lord? to lose three thousand *Cecchines*, and all long of this Virtue! S'death, I wonder how this Virtue Crept into my House, I'm sure I never gave it any encouragement.

Fest. Was there ever such a Rogue as this?—— [*Aside.* Sir, will you please to let me see your Wife, I wou'd use all means possible to pleasure my Friend.——

Sord. O with all my heart, Sir: I'll fetch her to you presently. But as you hope to prosper, use your best endeavours, my Lord; for I swear I long for these *Cecchines*—— [*Exit.*

Fest. Did e'er Man hasten so for his Horns?

Enter Sordico, *pulling in his* Lady.

Lady. Have you no sense of Honour? whither will you lead me?——

Sord. Look you, my Lord, here's my Fair and Beautiful Destruction, that thirsts thus for my undoing.——

Fest. A most Charming Creature, indeed.—— [*Aside.* Madam, your most humble Servant.——

Sord. Wife, why Wife, look on this noble Lord; view, nay view him well: This is he that offers me the three thousand *Cecchines* for meer nothing; I say for meer nothing: You tell me of Honour, why what's that? there's no such thing now in Nature.

Lady.

Lady. You see, Sir, what a Monster he would make of himself, to make me a worse; if you have any Virtue, if you have any Honesty, if you have any Conscience, save me.——

Sord. Pray don't mind her, Sir: If you have any Wisdom, be Obedient——

Fest. Pray, Sir, leave me with your Lady, and permit me to try my Rhetorick with her.

Sord. With all my Heart, Sir.

Fest. Come, be not so modest, Madam; you'll here in place of an old Husband, find my Friend a worthy Lover, use your Fortune well, with secresie and pleasure.

Lady. These things might move a mind affected with such delights, as you call them; My trust's in innocence, 'tis that alone which I think wealthy: And that once lost, there's nought to lose beyond it.

Fest. Excellent Lady——— [*Aside.*
Sordido one word with you; I have orders to offer your Lady three thousand *Cecchines* for her consent.——

Sord. What, besides those I'm to have?——

Fest. Yes, upon my life, Sir.——

Sord. Do you hear this, Madam? Six thousand *Cecchines* in the whole: Come, dear Wife, be loving to me. Why this will fit you with a Coach and Six, to keep Company with the best Ladies of all *Crete*. My Lord, I think you'd best take her home with you, you'll then the sooner prevail with her——

Lady. No, Villain, I scorn to go.

Sord. Prethee what hast thou about thee, that thou valluest at such a rate? how many fine Ladies of the Town wou'd be glad of half the Sum? ——Come, be obedient Chuck, be obedient.

Lady. Obedience, say you! I tell you, that the very first Minute thou nam'st this thing again to me, I'll make thee a publick shame unto the World; the very Children in the Street shall point and hoot at thee.——

Sord.

Sord. Come, come, earn me the Mony, and I'll be hooted at with all my Heart——

Lady. As for you, Sir, go home; and give up your Employment; for know——

That all your Golden baits I thus deſpiſe,
Virtue and Innocence alone I Prize.

[*Exit.*

Feſt. A brave Woman, and her Soul outſhines her Beauty! her Virtue has almoſt perſwaded me from proſecuting my deſign—— [*Aſide.*

Sord. Gad, how like a Fool I look now! may I never obtain theſe dear *Cecchines*, if I had one word more to ſay to her, ſhe ranted me ſo—— [*Aſide.*

Feſt. Come, Sir, we muſt go on with our Attempt, the difficulty will make the Prize the more Honourable. I wiſh ſhe were not ſo ſeverely honeſt——
I am afraid, *Sordico*, all our watching will be to no purpoſe, ſhe's ſo Virtuous.

Sord. Why the truth is, I am much of your mind; but I have a plaguy longing for theſe *Cecchines*, and muſt have them.

Feſt. Well, I'll ſay that for you, you take more care and pains to be a Cuckold, than others do to prevent it.

Sord. O! Sir, you miſtake me: That a Man of your Senſe and Underſtanding ſhou'd be ſo out now: why, alas! all my care and pains is for the Mony, the Mony, Sir; as for being a Cuckold, why what's that, Prithee? Who is not one? *Cæſar*, *Lucullus*, *Pompey*, *Cato*, and ſeveral of the *Roman* Emperors were Cuckolds, knew themſelves ſo, and never made any do about it: Indeed, Story tells us, that there was one Coxcomb, *Lepidus*, as hang'd himſelf for grief that his Wife had us'd him ſo: but Ifaith that ſhall never trouble me; ſo I get but the Coin, let her Cuckold me and welcome.——

Feſt.

Feſt. But, *Sordico*, to the matter in hand, Man.——

Sord. Why then to come to the Buſineſs, I tell you, that I don't utterly Deſpair on't; for I have a good honeſt Prieſt, who hath Promis'd to do the Work for us.——

Feſt. I wou'd I cou'd ſee him, *Sordico*.——

Sord. O He'll be here preſently, Man: He'll be here preſently——

Enter a Servant, *Whiſpering to his* Maſter.

Serv. There is one at the Door, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Sord. Bring him in, Sirrah.——did not I tell you as he wou'd not fail me?

[*Enter* Prieſt.

Sord. O, Sir, I am your humble Servant—Come, you muſt know this worthy Man: to ſpeak to you in Praiſe of his Parts wou'd be tedious; in ſhort, Sir, he's a Subtle Rogue I'le warrant him.——

Prie. Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant.——

Feſt. My Friend here, Sir, has given me ſo Worthy a Character of your Parts, that I Reverence you Exceedingly; but, Sir, can you aſſiſt us in our affair? if you can, we ſhall not altogether be Ungrateful.——

Prie. Pray, Sir, of what Nature is your buſineſs?

Feſt. There's a great Sum offer'd for a Lady, and ſhe is ſo nicely Virtuous as to Refuſe it.——

Prie. I ſuppoſe that is for want of Right management. Do you conſent to it, Sir?

Sord. Conſent! Why there's Six thouſand *Cecchines* in the Caſe, Man.——

Prie. Cry you Mercy, Sir, the buſineſs may be perfected, be ſhe never ſo reſolute; We have Arts as never fail, Sir; I'le bring you to one of our Order, that ſhall do your buſineſs, provided he be well rewarded; if your Lordſhip pleaſe to go, I'le Conduct you to him immediately.

Feſt. I'm ready when you pleaſe, Sir.—

Sord. May not I go with you?——

Prie. O by no Means, Sir, he is very ſhy in Diſcovering his Art. Your Preſence will be unneceſſary.——

Sord. Let him be ſhy and be Hang'd, ſo he does the buſineſs.

Feſt. Come, Sir, Let's loſe no time, but away with ſpeed, Sir. [*Exeunt Feſt.* and *Prieſt.*

Sord. I am Reſtleſs mad, 'till I am in Poſſeſſion of my *Cecchines.* Who's there? Where are you all?.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here, Sir.——

Sord. Go Sirrah into the Room where all my Lumber Lyes, there you'l find my Houſhold Gods, duſt the Cobwebs of them, and ſet them up in the Room where I us'd to Pray.

Serv. Us'd to pray! pray what Room is that, Sir?—Your Worſhip never pray'd ſince I came into the Houſe, and that's about 7 Years.——

Sord. Why the truth is, I think I have not.

Serv. But which is the Room you Pray in, Sir?——

Sord. The Room which no Body comes in, Sirrah——It's haunted I think.

Serv. Haunted, Sir?——

Sord. Yes haunted—— Why Sirrah, one of my old Gods fell down, and broak his Shin, it Gangreen'd ſo, his Leg was fain to be Cut off; and ever ſince the Room has been haunted.——

Serv. The Gods are made of Wood, Sir; 'tis ſtrange his Leg ſhou'd Gangreen.

Sord. Nay, I did not ſee it, but the Prieſt told me ſo. Go, go, and make them very clean, put on their beſt Veſtments, and be mighty Civil to them; burn a little Juniper, they love the ſmell well. Hang them, they're old and Rotten, they were bought at ſecond hand. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Princeſs Dowager, Dormantle, *and* Sallamack.

Dow. Son *Sallamack*, welcome; what have you made any Diſcoveries? Haſt thou diſſembled bravely?——

Sall. No Faith, Madam, I was no excellent Hypocrite: I diſcover'd ſo much in that young Princeſs to the diſhonour of our Family, that I cou'd hold out no longer.

Dow. What has ſhe done, *Sallamack?* What new Crime has ſhe Committed?

Sall. She has Committed a Crime of ſo high a Nature, that I want Patience to relate it; ſhe has preſented that Mongrel of Honour, *Andramont*, with the great Jewel of our Family.

Dow. O Fatal Stroak to Honour!——

Dorm. Shall ſhe go Unpuniſh'd, Madam?——

Sall. Were ſhe in my Power, I wou'd read all the Maſſacres, Turn over the Books of Martyrs, and if I cou'd not find Torments there ſufficient for her, I'd add my own Cruelties.

Dow. Your Reſolutions are both Equally Noble: And neither of 'em have long to live; Our *Semphan's* Prieſt is my Creature, he ſhall diſpatch them.

Sall. 'Tis reported that our High Prieſt is famous for Poyſoning, he can Poyſon her to Day, and ſhe ſhall dye Exactly a Month hence.——

Dormant. That's too tedious, our Vengeance muſt be acted Speedily; delays, Brother, oft-times prove of ill Conſequence; ſoon and ſafe, I ſay.

Sall. He can kill her, as good Muſicians Play at ſight: At the very Sight of the Paper where the Poyſon is, ſhe ſhall Drop down Dead——Madam, your hand. Brother, yours. We hear ſwear, for ever to Renounce the Sullen Princeſs, and that falſe Fawning Spaniel, *Algernoon.*

Dorm. Gone now for ever, and by this ſacred Oath ſhe ſhall not be preſerv'd——

Salla. Then our firſt thing muſt be to demand the Jewel.

Dowa. Next by ſome lingering Poyſon, conſume the Fleſh and Marrow of the Princeſs; that ſo the World may judge ſhe dy'd of a Conſumption.——

Dorm. How dyes old *Algernoon*?

Salla. We muſt all conſult that; he ſhall be alway dying, and yet not dye: Every moment of his time ſhall be more tedious than another, variety of Vengeance is his Doom.——

Dowa. Princely and Heroick, ſo be it ever with the *Santebrooks*: If they return to Night, take no notice of what they've done: I'll fawn on her, and whilſt you go to demand the Jewel, Court her into my Coach, and ſo hurry her into the Country: Then ſend for the Prieſt of *Senphan* to give her a Conſumptive Poyſon: All this be done as we the *Santebrooks* have determin'd.—— [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter Prieſt *and* Feſtolin.

Prieſt. My Lord, I'm glad we ſhifted off old *Sordico*, 'tis not fit he ſhould be made privy to our deſigns: Nothing troubles me, but that the Rogue ſhou'd have ſuch a Reward for nothing: and we who are chief Agents in the buſineſs, ſhou'd have ſcarce any thing worth ſpeaking of——

Feſt. Come, come, if your Friend does me the ſervice I expect with the Lady, you ſhall both go away contented.——

Prieſt. Never queſtion ſucceſs; the Lady is one who pays great Devotion to our *Senphan.*

Feſt.

Fest. The most unlike then to be prevail'd upon. But pray, Sir, how comes it to pass that the People so zealously Worship this *Senphan?*

Priest. That's by the subtle Practice of the Priests; 'tis our study, Sir, to delude the People with Idle Dreams and Golden Promises.

Fest. But why do you appear so often in a different habit? one while like a Priest, another while like a Bravo? I have seen you my self in more variety of shapes, than ever I Read of in *Ovid's Metamorphosis.*

Priest. My Lord, we are sometimes Priests, sometimes Bravo's, sometimes Knights of the Post: *Proteus* himself ne'er knew such shapes, as we, upon occasion, can transform our selves to.——In short, my Lord, we are any thing to advance the Priesthood.——As for the Preheminence of *Senphan*, it came thus. When any neglect to pay their Duties and Contributions to the Temple, which we expect, at the next full Congregation, we Curse them publickly, that being done, three or four of us go out privately in the Habit of Bravo's, watch our time, and kill them; The next meeting we tell the People that our *Senphan* has destroy'd them.——

Fest. Then by this means it is that you keep the People in so much awe of you; you're horrid wicked men.——

Priest. We are so, my Lord, and 'tis upon that account I intend to quit it: But, my Lord, this Priest as I told you of, is the most fit Man in the World for your business.——Here he comes, my Lord.——

Enter High Priest.

Fest. Your Servant, Reverend Father.——

H. Priest. I understand, Sir, you are a Person of Honour, I am therefore come to receive your Commands.——

Fest.

Feſt. I dare not venture to break my buſineſs to you.——

H. Prieſt. My Lord, propoſe your buſineſs, and the Reward freely; as I like it, I'll return an Anſwer.——

Feſt. Sir, three thouſand *Cecchines* has been offer'd to Old *Sordico* for his Wife.——

H. Prieſt. Is that all? I know the Man will fly at the Mony, but the Lady is Virtuous, and not to be tempted, but by my management. I'll deal freely with you, I deſire only a third of what *Sordico* is to have.——

Feſt. Agreed, Sir, I'll give it you.——

H. Prieſt. I'll deal Generouſly with you, and deſire nothing till the Work's done.——

Feſt. But pray, Sir, what way do you propoſe for gaining of the Lady.?——

H. Prieſt. Her Virtue is the chief Engine I'll work her by, do you go and get all things in readineſs.

[*To the Prieſt:* No worldly temptation will ever do it; I muſt make ſome other pretences.——

Feſt. You muſt play the Hypocrite highly then.——

H. Prieſt. Hypocriſie would be a Crime in others, but not in us; we of this Order have all our ſins Remitted to us, before ever we commit them.——

Feſt. Then certainly you have a Priviledge to do any thing. But pray, Sir, may I be ſo bold as to demand what courſe you intend in attempting the Lady's Chaſtity?——

H. Prieſt. You ſhall be where you ſhall hear all I ſay to her; I ſhall indeed make uſe of *Senphan*'s Name, and perhaps ſo far, that your Lordſhip may blame me ſecretly; but we are ſatisfi'd we cannot err, do what we will: and that's our Principle.——

Feſt. But do you not think you offend, with theſe ſtrange Practices?——

H. Prieſt.

H. Prieſt. No, Sir: no *Senphan* and the Prieſts underſtand one another better; we make known our Secrets to the Nobility, becauſe, you know, we both live upon the Commonwealth. The Great Men Tax them, the Prieſts Cheat 'em, and ſo we are agreed.——

Feſt. But when ſhall this be done, Sir?——

H. Prieſt. Inſtantly, if your Mony be ready.——

Feſt. That ſhall not be wanting: Therefore pray let's about it.——

[*Exeunt Feſt. and H. Prieſt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Dormantle, Sallamack, *and* Servant.

Dorm. Fellow, is Duke *Semorin*, and's Brother *Andramont* within?——

Serv. Prince *Andramont*'s within, Sir; and Duke *Semorin* will be here preſently.——

Sall. Then tell your Prince, here are two of the Houſe of *Santebrook* wou'd ſpeak with him.——

[*Exit* Servant.

If the Slave dare wear the Jewel in our Preſence, by my Blood I'll tear it from him——

Dorm. Not for the World: Pray ſtifle ſuch mean low thoughts: Let us do nothing that is beneath a *Santebrook.*——

Sall. You ſpeak truth, Brother; I'll endeavour to contain my ſelf. I ſee him coming.——

Enter

Enter Andramont.

Andr. Here will I fix this Jewel: I'll place it in full view, that all the World may ſee it.——

Salla. The vain Slave ſeems pleas'd; look how he prides himſelf: Do you obſerve?——

Dorm. I thought, Sir, you had been enjoyn'd to wear that Jewel always?

Andr. And I do ſo, I only pull'd it off to put it on again in your Preſence, leſt you ſhou'd forget the buſineſs you came about.——

Dorm. You ſeem tranſported, Sir, with your fine Preſent; I thought nothing cou'd have ſo ſtrangely alter'd the humble *Andramont.*

Andr. Wou'd not you your ſelves tranſgreſs a little, to receive ſo acceptable a Gift, from ſo lovely a Princeſs? I'm Raviſh'd at the thoughts on't.

Sall. Why this is madneſs, Sir.——

Andr. I'll aſſure you, Gentlemen, for my part I am in my right Senſes: if the fit of Frenzy has ſeiz'd you, thank your ſelves: I'm much afraid my wearing of this Jewel is the occaſion of it; ſhall I leave you, Gentlemen?——

Sall. Speak not words as may provoke us; for——

[*Laying his Hand on's Sword.*

Dorm. Hold, Brother, this is from the buſineſs. *Andramont*, we came to tell you, that you muſt not any longer wear that Jewel, and demand it in the name of the Princeſs *Dowager.*——

Andr. Then in the Name of the Young Princeſs, tell her I muſt refuſe her.——

Sall. But I tell you, *Andramont*, that I muſt tax you with ſawcineſs, if you continue ſtill obſtinate in refuſing the Princeſs.——

Andr.

Sall. Honour! dare you Name Honour? You Prophane it, when you do but mention it.

Andr. You patch'd piece of Noble Antiquity, pray how long is it, how many Generations are paſt, ſince you firſt Writ your ſelves Princes?——

Sall. Sir, I tell you that you are Impudently Sawcy, and you ſhall anſwer it.——

Andr. That my own Houſe ſhou'd be your Sanctuary! I ſhou'd almoſt Curſe Cuſtom, Rail at Common Civility for having it ſo.——

Enter Semorin.

Sem. Why ſo Paſſionate? in this place 'tis indecent. Come Calm it, and deſpiſe thoſe occaſioned it.——

Andr. I'le do ſo; tho' they've ſo provoak'd me, that Fleſh and blood cou'd not longer bear it.——

Sem. This is a kind of Heroick Scolding, you ſeem to Right one another with your Tongues; tho' let me tell you, Gentlemen, your Swords wou'd do it far better.——

Dorm. Our buſineſs, Sir, was to Demand the Jewel. Since *Andramont* has ungenerouſly Refus'd us, we ſhall take other Meaſures in righting our ſelves——

Sem. Why, Princes, cou'd you be ſo Vain as to Hope to have it upon a bare Demand? Take this from me, that nothing leſs than Life's the Purchaſe.——

Dorm. The Princeſs beſtow'd on him what was not her own. The Jewel was the Princeſs *Dowagers.*——

Sem. That's ſtrange indeed! but come, Gentlemen, you ſhall have enough of fighting: Let's agree upon't whilſt your Paſſion's up, leaſt when you Cool you ſhou'd Refuſe it.

Dorm. We may Command our Swords at any time to lop off ſuch Upſtart Shrubs; 'Tis the Cedars prerogative to Trample down ſuch Underwood as *Semorin* and *Andramont.*

Andr. If once I begin to uſe my Sword, I ſhall humble your lofty Heads for you.

Sall. Let that be try'd Preſently.—

Sem. Before we ſleep.—

Dorm. Or Eat.—

Sall. Or Think.

Andr. For when I have kill'd thee, *Sallamack.*——

Sall. Thou roar'ſt like a Lyon, but art a Lamb fighter; a brisk Spirit woud have been in Action e're this time.

Andr. I have ſomething to ſay in order to it; you have two Brothers more.

Dorm. What of them, Sir?

Andr. I am thinking that when we have kill'd you two, we ſhall be troubled afterwards with them; therefore let us Fight Four to Four.

Dorm. We Embrace it Joyfully: It ſhall be ſo.

Sall. The time and place, Quickly?

Andr. 'Tis Hero like to be in haſte to dye! be it then to morrow Morning, at the Weſt end of *Jupiter's* Temple.——

Sall. We'll meet you there: And may the Eternal ſtain of Coward be ever entail'd in the Family of thoſe who fail.——

All. Agreed.

Dorm. And leaſt we ſhou'd by any Cowardiſe among our ſelves be baſely Prevented, let no Man to Night lye at his own Lodgings.——

Sem. Bravely motion'd, and may all our Reſolutions be accordingly.

Andr. Though 'tis againſt Religion, and our Laws,
I'le Draw my Sword to Juſtifie this Cauſe. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE the Temple.

Enter Dewcraft, High-Prieſt, *and* Sordico.

Dew. Come, old *Sordico*, Count *Feſtolin* has acquainted me that your Friend here has undertaken to perſwade your Wife from her obſtinacy, in refuſing what will be ſo much to your and her Advantage.—And he's to have a Reward for doing ſo, I have promis'd him a Thouſand *Cecchines*.——

Sord. Not out of mine, Sir, I hope? I won't abate one of them, a Bargain's a Bargain, if you go thereto.——

Dew. Well, Sir, don't be Uneaſy, you ſhall have what I promiſt you, without any Abatement: Now, Sir, I wou'd know what Means you intend to uſe, to Work the Lady to anſwer our Expectations?——

H. Prie. The moſt ſure way is, to make uſe of *Semphan*'s Name to her.

Dew. But is there no danger in your doing ſo?—

H. Prie. O no, I can eaſily perſwade him: go into that Cloſet there, and you ſhall hear what ways I have to wheedle her.—

Dew. This is a Cunning Villain, [*Aſide.*] I do admire what ways he can have to Win the Innocent Lady: I muſt obſerve him. Come along, old *Sordico*.——

Sord. I'le follow you, Sir, I'le follow you: But hark you, Mr. *Prieſt*, one word with you; if you expect I ſhall leave all I have to your Society when I dye, which I hope won't be this Fifty Years; don't fail in perſwading her.——

Dew. Go Father, I ſee her paſſing towards your Oratory.—

H. Prie. Make your way down that Iſle, towards the lower end on the Left hand, this Key will carry you into a Cloſet in my Appartment; be very Attentive, Sirs, and you ſhall hear how wiſely I'le mannage her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Save you, moſt Reverend Father, my Heart leaps within me, an unaccuſtomed joyfulneſs ſeizes my Spirits to behold you. Why all this Kneeling and Bowing? it cannot, muſt not be to me.

H. Prieſt. Yes, Lady, 'tis to you I Kneel.——

Lady. Such Worſhip is due only to our great *Senphan.* 'Tis preſumption in any mortal to accept of it: forbear, I pray you.——

H. Prieſt. I, that's your bleſſing; Your humble and your Saint-like Soul: Your devout Life and daily Charity to the Prieſts, has made our great *Senphan* ſend you ſuch a Meſſage, as yet none of your Sex were ever yet Honour'd with.——

Lady. Bleſs me! you amaze me, Sir.——

H. Prieſt. Madam, you'll be ſtruck with wonder, when you ſhall hear me relate it to you.——

Lady. Pray good Father riſe, I will not, cannot hear you Kneeling.——

H. Prieſt. You muſt, Lady, I am commanded not to deliver this Meſſage otherwiſe: Let me exhort you likewiſe to take heed, leaſt you provoke him to Anger, by asking me to riſe again.——

Lady. I am all Obedience; I ſhall no longer preſs you, Father, yet I muſt think it too Reverend a poſture for any one to ſpeak to me in.——

H. Prieſt. Urge that no more, I charge you, leaſt he puniſh you inſtead of the favour he intends you.——

Lady. I have done, Father, and with all Reverence bow my Ear to your great Meſſage.——

H. Prieſt. Then with all humility hear, but beware of making any doubts.

Lady. Bleſs me, Father, you ſtartle me.

H. Prieſt. Fear not, but rejoyce, for by my unworthy Tongue thus ſpake the Oracle, Go to the Devout Lady *Sordico*, tell her I have long taken notice, that her Piety and Devotion ever exceeded all the *Cretian* Ladies, for which he will Reward your Virtue, and intends this Night to take you to his Embraces. There's Honour for you, Lady!

Lady. O Reverend Father, this cannot be; my unworthineſs cannot receive it.——

H. Prieſt. Take care what you ſay, Madam, diſpute not with *Senphan*, leaſt his love kindle into flames of wrath.——

Lady. I am ſilent, Sir, and do with all obedience ſubmit; I only deſire I may acquaint my Husband with it.——

H. Prieſt. Not for the World: O ſpeak not that again, come to the Temple of *Senphan* in the dusk of the Evening, and you of all your Sex are happieſt.——

Lady. I believe, moſt Holy Father, I'll retire and prepare my ſelf.—— [*Exit Lady.*

Enter Dewcraft *and* Sordico.

H. Prieſt. Now, Gentlemen, did you hear our Diſcourſe?

Dew. Yes, and do extremely wonder.——

H. Prieſt. Well, Sir, and what think you of our Wiſdom and Subtilty? Do we bear our Character for nothing?——

Dew. Let me hug thee: O *Sordico*! rejoyce Man, he's done our buſineſs for us.——Come, why ſo dull now?——

Sord. Why, I am thinking I ſhall never be able to Trumpet forth Praiſes enough for his excellent Rogueſhip.

Dew. Our Grand Politicians of State, are Babes to 'em in Villany.

H. Prieſt. Faith, my Lord, if we had not theſe little tricks, we cou'd not maintain our Wives and Children as we do. But did you mark the Obedience of the innocent Lady to *Senphan*?——

Dew.

Dew. And how Virtuous it ſeem'd in her to make her Husband acquainted with it!———

H. Prieſt. I Laugh to think how ſhe is Praying, and preparing her ſelf for ſuch a wicked ſinner as your Lordſhip.———

Dew. This ſtory deſerves to be Chronicl'd.———

H. Prieſt. 'Tis ſtrange, that tho' the People know, that our Gods are all either of Wood or Stone, yet the Reverend Ceremonies, and ſeeming Worſhip which we uſe, and make the People pay to them, fright them into ſuch an obedience and awe, that we Command them all things.———

Dew. But when will you appoint me to come?———

H. Prieſt. About Eight, ſhe ſhall then be ready for your Embraces.———

Sord. No, no, have a care of that, I'll have my *Cecchines* firſt down upon the Nail.———

Dew. I'll bring all the Mony, good *Sordico*, it ſhall lye in the Temple, and you two ſhall watch it.———

Sord. A very honeſt motion, I accept on't. In the interim I'll go home and prepare my Mony Bags.———

[*Exit* Sordico.

H. Prieſt. My Lord, is it not unreaſonable that this fellow ſhou'd have ſix thouſand *Cecchines*?———

Dew. Yes indeed: But how ſhall I help my ſelf?

H. Prieſt. Why, My Lord, if you pleaſe, I can deſtroy him with Thunder and Lightning.———

Dew. How?

H. Prieſt. Yes, my Lord, ſuch as the Players have: A Cannon Bullet, a Torch and Brimſtone, makes good Thunder and Lightning for our purpoſe.

Dew. But that will not kill him.———

H. Prieſt. Yes, he ſhall ſit upon ſuch a quantity of Gun-Powder, as will do his work for him; for when it Thunders and Lightens, at the ſame time we'll give fire to the Train, and ſo blow him up.

Dew.

Dew. Come, we must be more intimately acquainted.

H. Priest. My Lord, I Embrace your offer with great joy, and will stick at nothing to serve you.——

Dew. I believe thee, if thou perform'st what thou hast undertaken.——I must go now and get my Mony ready, else this old *Sordico* will spoil all.——

H. Priest. And I to prepare my Ceremonies to secure the innocent Lady for you: it will make good Laughing hereafter over a Glass of Wine, my Lord.——So all Honour be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Dew. And Curse light upon thee: I that dare do as bold things as any Man, am startled at this Monster.——I must and will do something.—— [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Andramont, Semorin, *and Count* Belloon.

Andr. You have oblig'd us to an everlasting Friendship, by engaging thus freely in our Quarrel.——

Sem. When you were *Raymond*'s Second against us, then we thought you not our Enemy.——

Bell. Nor can I e're be made so, it will be an addition to my Honour, that you think me worthy to draw my Sword in your Service.——

Andr. Count *Belloon* and *Dewcraft*, are fam'd every where for Valour.

Bell. Where is brave *Dewcraft*?——

Andr. I have writ to him, and in my Letter told him my business; I wonder much he comes not.

Bell. Perhaps your Servant cannot find him.——

Andr. That may be, indeed.——O most fortunate, here he comes.

Enter

Enter Dewcraft.

Dew. Prince *Andramont*, I receiv'd your Letter: and am come to let you know, that I am always ready to ſerve ſuch noble Friends, in whatever they ſhall command me.

Andr. Moſt Honourably ſpoken.——Reach hither that Sword which was ſent by Prince *Sallamack*.——— [*To his Servant.*

The length of which is that we muſt all Fight by. In his Letter he bids me peruſe it well, for it was the Sword that ſhou'd, in Fate's Defiance, determine all my Glories.——

Dew. If he Fights as bravely as he Writes, 'twill be time for me to pray for a Deliverance, for I find we ſhall have a bloody Battle on't; we'll take the length of this fatal Sword, and Count *Belloon* and I will provide our ſelves, for I perſwade my ſelf to morrow we ſhall have hot Service.——

Andr. Count *Belloon*, if you pleaſe, I'll lye at your Houſe to Night, and my Brother *Semorin* with *Dewcraft*, leaſt by ſome Treachery we ſhou'd be prevented.———

Sem. The *Santebrooks* very Honourably propos'd it, and they for the ſame Reaſon lye from home themſelves.———

Dew. We ſhall all meet with Honour. Prince *Andramont*, I have a buſineſs I can no way diſpenſe with: But it will not take above an hour, then I am yours.——*Belloon*, 'tis time we fit our ſelves.

[*Exeunt* Belloon *and* Dewcraft.

Enter

Enter Algernoon.

Alger. Prince *Andramont*, I perceive you are to fight to Morrow, by the Buſtle the Brothers make at home.

Andr. I hope they did not tell you ſo, Sir?

Alger. No, I know it muſt be ſo in Courſe: but that is not the Worſt; I have fatal news indeed to tell you. The *Dowager* has betray'd the Princeſs into the Country, where ſhe intends to have her Poyſon'd.

Andr. Poyſon'd! ſaid you?—— Are the Furies of Hell got looſe then? Whither has ſhe hurried her?——

Alger. To her Houſe at *Hydonia*. The *Dowager*'s Woman has told me this in Tears.

Andr. Get me a Coach and Horſes to out-drive the Winds, let them be ſwifter than the Motion of the Sun, may they outſtrip even thought it ſelf, let my Race be finiſh'd when begun, leaſt I come too late, to Redeem my deareſt Princeſs.—

Sem. Know you what you ſay? Have you forgot you are to fight, Brother?

Andr. No, I well remember it. But is Honour to be regarded think you when love's at Stake?

Sem. Brother, I fear your Senſes; this is abſolute Madneſs.

Andr. If this be Madneſs, let me be Mad for ever; if Love be Madneſs, I'le Cheriſh it,—My Horſes there Quickly, I ſhall be her Murderer if I linger any longer.——

Sem. By my Life you ſhall not Stir. Remember how bravely we parted with the *Santebrooks*, with the Reſolution of Branding him with the Infamous Name of Coward, that fail'd of meeting upon any pretence whatever. Think of that, Brother!——

Andr. I do: but he that would Deſerve his Miſtreſs, muſt loſe all that and more.——

Sem. Think how you will expoſe your Honour and Friends!

Andr. By my Dear Princeſs Life I ſwear, *Andramont* wou'd have ſingly fought the Four, rather than have ſtarted ſuch a thought: Pray hazard not your ſelf, till I Return: Come, *Algernoon* let's to Horſe.

Alger. Do you take me for your Friend?

Andr. I do, for my moſt faithful one.——

Alger. Then my Life for't, I'le bring the Princeſs off: Stay then, dear *Andramont*, and ſave your Honour.——

Andr. Perſwade me not: for ſhou'd the King Command my ſtay, I wou'd loſe his favour; more, forfeit my Allegiance to ſave her Life. After this there's nothing farther to be urg'd.——

Sem. You ſhall not now ſtay for all the World, leaſt you ſhou'd think I fear to fight. Cou'd I be Guilty of ſo ſervile a Paſſion, 'tis for your honour, *Andramont*.

Andr. Now thou art my Noble Brother, no more words then.

Come *Algernoon*, let us take Wing and fly,
Redeem the Princeſs, or elſe bravely Dye.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The Temple *Darkned.*

Enter Dewcraft, *to* Sordico's Lady *in the* Temple.

Dew. Rejoyce thou holy and Devout Woman, I am come to Recompence thy Virtues; put forth thy lovely hand, do's not mine ſeem Fleſh and Blood to you? Speak.——

Lady. Thy Holy Prieſt, great *Senphan*, has Commanded my ſilence.——

Dew. What Sweet Innocence is this? Thou true Pattern of unexampled Virtue, prepare your ſelf to hear, what you will ſcarce believe, I am not *Senphan*.——

Lady.

Lady. How! are you pleas'd to make a Tryal of me? You are, you muſt be our great *Seraphan:* The Prieſt cou'd ne're be ſo Wicked, as to deceive me.

Dew. I am not what you Expected. I'le Unravel to you the whole Cheat that's put upon you.——

Lady. If you are a Man of Honour, go from me; I'le call out for help elſe.——

Dew. Madam, you ſhall have no occaſion: I came with an intent to preſerve your Honour, and to let you know the Wicked Practices of this Place.——

Lady. Fly, Fly this Holy Place, leaſt ſome unexpected Judgment fall upon us.——

Dew. Who cou'd behold ſuch Virtue and betray it! Suſpend, Madam, your Opinion of this Place, till I can inform you further. I am Count *Dewcraſt*: but finding your Virtue above Temptation. The horrour of this deed hath inſpired me with ſuch Virtuous Inclinations, that I wou'd not on ſo Treacherous a Score, enjoy you for all the Treaſures in the Univerſe.

Lady. Now you ſhew your ſelf Worthy of your Title, how Amiable is Virtue in ſo great a Perſon?——

Dew. Excellent Glorious Woman! Nature Created you to temper Man, we had all been Brutes without you.

Lady. O my Lord, ſuch Expreſſions will Deſtroy thoſe Virtues which have ſo ſweetly taken Root in you, 'tis ev'n Prophaneneſs, it ſo frights my Spirits, that I blame my ſelf for being the Cauſe of making you utter them; I beſeech you let me hear no more.

Dew. I've done, thou beſt of Women! Madam, reſolving with my ſelf to preſerve your Honour, I have a ſtrong Guard from Duke *Semorin*, to Seize upon all the Villains that belong to this *Temple*. They muſt be made Examples: your Huſband and I were in the Cloſet, and heard all he ſaid to you, and all your Modeſt Anſwers.——

Lady. Is it poſſible?——

Dew. He laid an obligation on you to come to the Temple.

Lady. He did ſo. I rejoice mightily at your ſudden Converſion: but I beſeech you, Sir, Call your Guards, and hurry them to Juſtice with all ſpeed imaginable.

Dew. Madam, I'll obey you, and ſeize on them preſently.—

[*Exit* Dewcraft.

Lady. I'm ſtruck with wonder, to whom ſhall we Addreſs? Let me conſider, will it conſiſt with the Honour of a Virtuous Wife, to proſecute her Husband? No, the World will then cenſure me, and my Virtue will be brought into Queſtion: Let him for ever continue a Brute, rather than he ſhou'd be a Convert by the hazard of my Fame and Reputation.

Re-Enter Dewcraft, Prieſts *and Guards, with* Sordico.

Dew. Madam, pray behold this excellent Villain here, that after ſo prophane a manner wou'd have betray'd your Chaſtity.

H. Prieſt. That's the Villain, Madam: I am ſtill the ſame you always thought me to be.——

Sord. I, I, Spouſe, that's the Villain, that's he.——

Lady. I believe you; for doubtleſs you are as good now as ever you were.—

H. Prieſt. Madam, all the Prieſts belonging to the Temple ſhall witneſs, that *Semphan* himſelf deſign'd you a Viſit, had not this prophane Monſter prevented him. Come, come, you'll fall by Lightning and Thunder.——

Sord. I, but you told Count *Dewcraft*, that your Thunder and Lightning was the ſame the Players us'd; that cannot now fright 'em.

H. Prieſt. What I told him is nothing, our Caſe is deſperate now, and we muſt impudently out-face them. Madam, I charge you come from that Fiend.——

[*Rings a little Bell: Thunder and Lightning.*

Lady. O, ſave me! let me not periſh for one ſlight offence!

H. Prieſt.

H. Prieſt. Swear to believe me then, Madam, or——

Dew. What, come fear nothing, Madam: we know his tricks, he himſelf was ſo prudent as to acquaint me with them, and he ſhall pay for't——Guards go up and ſeize them.

1 *Guard.* We dare not go, my Lord.——We dare venture however, if you'll pay us well; we'll ſeize them if poſſible.

Dew. I will, there's Gold for each of you: [*Exeunt Guards.* Now you ſhall know the truth on't.——I'll diſcover your Cheats preſently. As for you, *Sordico*, you may go about your buſineſs: Go home Fool, and learn to grow wiſer.——

Sord. Why, the truth is, thou haſt lain with my Wife, ſeiz'd upon my *Cecchines*, which was my juſt bargain, and now thou haſt no farther occaſion for me, bids me troop off. Well, he that will cheat me, will abuſe the Prieſt, no doubt on't.

Dew. Sordico, Your Wife is Virtuous, and you ought to value her for it: for my part, I ne're attempted her Chaſtity; tho' thou would'ſt baſely have ſold it me for a little Mony.

H. Prie. Deny it, and Swear he Raviſh'd her.——

[*whiſpers* Sordico.

Sord. I expoſe my Wife to Sail! No, no, You Raviſh'd her in my own Houſe, and offer'd me ſix thouſand *Cecchines* not to proſecute you.——

Dew. What an impudent Fellow this is!——

Sord. Why this honeſt Prieſt here bids me ſay ſo, he tells me too he'll Swear to't.——

Dew. Sure the Fellow's mad for the loſs of this Mony.——

H. Prieſt. I'll make an Example of him, and fetch him to his right wits again.——

Sord. I ſcorn you with your Examples, you have both couzen'd me of my *Cecchines*; to prevent therefore your Malice, and my own ſhame, I'll make my Will, and not leave my Wife, Kindred, or Children, a Groat of my Revenues.——

H. Prieſt. I hope you'll dye and leave it to our Order.——

Sord.

Sord. I'll be hang'd before I'll be Saint on thoſe Terms: No, I'll leave my Eſtate confuſedly amongſt them, that they may all go to Law about it, and ruine one another.

[*Exit* Sordico.

Enter Guards *bringing down the* Prieſts.

1 *Guard.* Look you, my Lord, we have brought a Tribe here, with their Rozin and Torches, that has frighted all *Crete* at this rate.——

Dew. Now what think you, Madam?

Prieſt. This is all his own invention.

Lady. This is as plain as 'tis wicked; I now ſee my fooliſh Superſtition, and have done with you.——

Dew. Our buſineſs now, is to commit them into the Hands of Juſtice, that they may be rewarded.——

H. Prieſt. Think'ſt thou this ſufficient to condemn our upright Lives? No, we'll bring a hundred Reverend Matrons, that ſhall ſo invalidate your Witneſſes, that you ſhall dearly repent of your falſe accuſations.

Dew. I doubt not but I ſhall be too hard for you; your Forgeries and Perjuries, your common practice of Murder, they ſhall all be prov'd on you by your own Tribe, Rogue.——

Lady. Unheard of Villanies! I can no longer ſee the Authors of 'em.——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is a Letter, Sir, from the Old Princeſs *Santebrook*; you muſt go with me, Sir, to *Hydonia*, or elſe ſend by me what the Letter requires.——

H. Prieſt.

H. Prieſt. The great Princeſs *Dowager* has ſent for me. Now detain me if you dare.

Dew. She has ſent for thee to ſome good end, no doubt on't, but I will detain thee, and hang thee too, in ſpite of her and all her power.——

H. Prieſt. You'll be civil to the Princeſs ſure; and let me ſend an anſwer to it?

Dew. Well.——We'll withdraw, for that's but fitting.

[*Withdraws to the other ſide of the Stage.*

H. Prieſt. Do you know the Contents of this Letter?——

Serv. Yes, to Poiſon the young Princeſs.——

H. Prieſt. She ſays here, ſhe wou'd this day poyſon her, but ſhe muſt not dye in a Month: I have ſuch Poyſon by me, and will take care it ſhall be ſent her; bid her hurry up to Town, and fetch me out of Priſon.——

Serv. I ſhall be ſure of that.——

[*Exit* Servant.

Dew. Come, Sir, I ſee you have diſpatch'd your buſineſs.—— Guards away with them.——Lady, I'll wait on you.——

Lady. Your Servant, Sir.—— [*Exeunt.*

The End of the fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Dowager, *and the Princeſs* Conſtantia *weeping.*

Dowa. COme, Princeſs, you may very well now conclude your ſelf fully in my Power.——

Prin. With the greateſt ſorrow I muſt confeſs it.——

Dowa. Reflecting on the wrongs our great Family may receive by your indiſcretion, and want of that Spirit you ought to have; I think it my Duty to ſecure you, that it ſhall not be in your power to favour this *Andramont*: for I find your inclinations too much advanc'd that way already.——

Prin. There's no ſin ſo black as ingratitude, nor is there any thing can make an attonement for it; I am uneaſie till I have made ſome Reparation.——

Dowa. But I ſhall find a way, aſſure your ſelf, both to prevent his preſumption, and your intentions: I am not without ſuch Inſtruments, as gives me the very ſecrets of your Soul.——

Enter Dormantle *and* Sallamack.

O welcome, my Dear Sons; here's the Princeſs has confeſs'd her inclinations are in favour of *Andramont*.

Dorm. Sure, Madam, ſhe durſt not own it! Her actions ſufficiently make me conclude, ſhe's not of our Blood,—— and I ſhall act accordingly.

Sall.

Sall. For my part I'le ſtop at nothing in Revenging the affronts our Family has receiv'd, upon her Account.——

Dow. Have you Receiv'd no anſwer from the High Prieſt? I fear he has been wrought upon, and is falſe.——

Sall. Fear not, they'l ſeldom loſe a Bribe. I ſent your Preſent Madam, by a careful Meſſenger; and Expect his Return every Moment.——

Prin. There can no good come from him, I am ſure, upon my Account. [*Aſide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe your Highneſs, here is one in great haſte muſt ſpeak with you.——

Sall. My Life for it, 'tis one from the High Prieſt.

Dow. Let him be Admitted.——

Prin. I beg leave to Retire.

Dow. You muſt Excuſe me, I have buſineſs which concerns you.——

Enter Prieſt.

Prie. Moſt Divine *Lady!* Our *High Prieſt* has ſent me to aſſure you of his Devotion for all your Pious Undertakings; he has by my unworthy hand convey'd to you the ſecret of Secrets in this ſmall Viol; you muſt uſe it according to the Preſcriptions in this Paper, and that you may command a Life to be of what date you Pleaſe.——

Dow. 'Tis well: but how does the good Father do? will he not be here himſelf?

Prie. Alas, Madam, he is Confin'd and Secur'd, by my Lord *Semorin*'s and *Andramont*'s Orders. Our Sacred *Temple* is abus'd, old *Sordico*'s fair Wife was taken with Count *Dewcraft* in the Oratory belonging to *Semphan.*——

Dow. What! the *Temple* abus'd, and the *High Prieſt* ſecur'd, ſay you?——

Prie. 'Tis most true, Madam, and he humbly by me begs your Assistance; and in answer to yours, he says, you have no way to come off, like pretending a Marriage between one of your Sons and the Princess; they are not so neerly Related, but it may be dispens'd with.——

Dow. Now I think on't it shall be so indeed, for *Sallamack* shall Marry her, and if refus'd this Viol shall secure all. Come, Madam, to let you see I have a tenderness for you, and that 'tis my Desire to secure the Honour of our Family, I condescend that *Sallamack* shall Marry you; make your Resolutions, and answer immediatly, for upon denial this must be your last.

Prin. Madam, you don't design to Poyson me? There are many Reasons require my Consideration. It wou'd be more to me than Death not to obey my Father's Commands, who Perhaps designs me otherwise. Sure, Madam, this is only to try how I can endure afflictions.——

Dow. Consider how you please, my Resolutions are fixt. Good Father, will not this be much to her Advantage? Besides *Andramont*'s suspected to be a Christian.

Prie. What, Madam, a Christian —'Tis Impossible.—

Prin. O thou falsest of Priests, I have heard too much already of your Dissimulation: What, is there not one honest amongst you? Have none of you thoughts of Heav'n?

Prie. O Madam, men of our Profession will venture that for a fair Lady at any time.

Dow. What Noise is that without? Who dares thus disturb me in my own Appartments?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Secure, secure your self, Madam, here's the King's Guards, Duke *Semorin* and his Brother *Andramont* Heads them.——

Dorm. Shut the Gates immediately, let fall the Percullis, draw up the Bridge, let not a Man enter upon your Lives.

Serv.

Serv. Alas, Sir, they have poſſeſt themſelves of the great Court, and ſome are in the Guard Chamber.——

Dow. Come, come, then I'le force your ſtubborn heart, I'le not loſe this opportunity of Revenge,—Sons help me here.—

[*Forcing the Poyſon on the* Princeſs. *The* Prieſt *Sculks behind the* SCENE.

Dorm. All's loſt, Madam, we are betray'd: Here they are.——

SCENE II.

Enter Semorin, Algernoon, Andramont, *and Guards.*

Sall. Semorin, what means this Rudeneſs in my Mother's Palace? I'm Confident you have no Orders for this Inſolence.——

Sem. Yes, Sir, you'l find them ſuch, as you ſcarce expect: Guards, ſecure all Preſent——Save the Princeſs.——

Prin. O Welcome, *Andramont*, you've ſav'd me from the Extremity of their Malice! How ſhall I ſufficiently Reward—you will, I find, upon all accounts be my Deliverer.

Andr. I am ſo tranſported, Madam, that kind Heaven has given me this opportunity of ſerving you, that I know not how to Expreſs my ſelf. Were I to live Ages, I cou'd never ſay or do enough to oblige you.——

Prin. You are ſure the beſt of Mankind, nor will the World Cenſure me, I hope, if I call you my Guardian Angel.——

Alger. He deſerves you i'faith, my Dear Princeſs; and I am proud of aſſiſting both of you in this affair. Come, Sifter, I think I am even with you, and your Sparks of Honour there——Thou Hypocritical Knave thou.

[*To* Sallamack.

Prin. Andramont, I am much out of order, I fear the *Dowager* has Poyſon'd me. I am ſure ſhe had done it if you had not prevented her: She wou'd have had me Married *Sallamack*, and upon my refuſal, the Prieſt offer'd to Swear he had already done it.

Andr. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange: Pray, Madam, tell me how this Prieſt was engag'd, and how they us'd you; I perceive it was very barbarous: will you permit me, Madam, to attend you to my Siſter's Houſe, where you may refreſh your ſelf?

Alger. But where is this monſtrous Prieſt?

Sem. He was here, that I am ſure of; I ſaw him juſt as I enter'd the Room.

Alger. How made he his eſcape? Come ſearch all the Lodgings, 'tis impoſſible he ſhou'd get out.——

Serv. Here, here's the Villain, my Lord.——

[*pulling out the Prieſt.*

Alger. I'll ſecure the Villain till farther orders.

Prieſt. My Lord, nay good my Lord, pray hear me, I'll confeſs all.

Alger. Carry him away there——

Prieſt. I can Swear I was forc'd to Poyſon the Princeſs by the Old Lady *Dowager*.——

Dowa. Thou ly'ſt, falſe timerous Cowardly wretch.——

Alger. My Lord *Semorin*, I'll leave this Prieſt to your care, whilſt I conduct the *Dowager* to the King's Palace, where the Council ſhall examin theſe abuſes offer'd the Princeſs.——

Sem. Pray do, my Lord. [*Exit* Alger. *with* Dowa. *Guards.*

Sall. Semorin, I ſuppoſe this trick is to prevent our meeting to morrow Morning; I can impute it to nothing but Cowardiſe, both in you and *Andramont*.——

Dorm. Indeed, I expected it wou'd be ſo.——

Sem. To ſhew you we ſcorn the leaſt Advantage, after I have attended the Princeſs to my Houſe, and ſecur'd the Prieſt, we'll then return and give you ſatisfaction.

Sall.

Sall. We expect you, Sir.——

Andr. Pray, Madam, ſhall I beg your Retirement, till my Brother and I have adjuſted a ſmall difference with theſe noble Lords. Brother, you ſhall excuſe me for a moment.——

Sem. Go and be happy.——

Andr. Come, Madam, I'm ready to attend you.——

[*Exit* Andr. *and* Prin.

Sem. Gentlemen, *Andramont* will return immediately, and then there ſhall nothing be deſir'd from you, relating to our firſt appointment, which ſhall not be anſwer'd.——In the mean time one word more before we part; the affront you put upon the Princeſs, muſt be anſwer'd to the King, however it ſucceeds with us, perhaps the Lady's Poyſon'd.—

Enter Sordico.

Sord. My Lord *Semorin*, I come to beg your aſſiſtance at Court, that I may have Juſtice done me; gad I am cheated of ſix thouſand *Cecchines*, and you know that's a good Sum; I hear, my Lord, you have the Rogue in poſſeſſion.——

Sem. Good *Sordico*, come to my Apartment to morrow, and I'll hear you, I have no time now.——

Sord. My Lord, you muſt find time now, this Roguiſh Prieſt may hang himſelf before to Morrow; and then how ſhall I come by my Mony.——

Sem. Prithee forbear, I tell you I am not at leiſure.——

Salla. This is great Rudeneſs, *Semorin*, thus to confine us, without the leaſt occaſion; this inſolence may coſt your life, Sir.——

Dorm. I'll be reveng'd, or loſe mine.——

Sem. Come, Gentlemen, Patience, be aſſur'd you ſhall have Satisfaction.——

Sord.

Sord. My Lord, I'll be your Second: it is by ſuch as theſe I am cheated.——

Sem. Enough, good *Sordido*, enough, come to me to morrow.——

Sord. What? Shall I bring my Tilting Sword along with me? The time, the place? I'll do't, I'll do't, I' gad I'll do't.—— [*Exit.*

Enter Algernoon *and* Andramont.

Sem. Gentlemen, here's my Brother, you ſhall now have what ſatisfaction you pleaſe, or we'll meet as we appointed.

Andr. Were not the Cauſe as full of Honour, as you are of baſeneſs, I ſhou'd be aſham'd to draw my Sword in't.

Sall. All this is nothing, but to ſave and hide your Cowardiſe; why don't you firſt anſwer the appointment? 'Tis Boys Play, nothing elſe.——

Alger. What are they turn'd Boys then, in your eſteem? Sparks, I'm afraid you'll find them tough ones: By this good Sword, were I one of them, I would Chaſtiſe your inſolency.——

Dorm. Sir, we have ſome reſpect to your Age, or we cou'd wiſh you one, ſince you have thus betray'd the Honour of our Family.

Andr. I find your diſreſpect to him, is grounded chiefly on my Account: my Obligations to him are great, but thoſe methinks can give you no Authority thus to affront him.

Sall. If the Princeſs had not made her ſelf appear ſo little and ſo mean by favouring you, Sir, we ſhou'd not have taken theſe meaſures. But that's not to be diſputed here: Your Sword muſt anſwer your preſumption.——

Andra. There's nothing I ſhall more readily do, Gentlemen.——

Alger. Yes, Faith, Boy, Serve the Princeſs.

Sem.

Sem. Time draws on, let us give 'em their liberty for the preſent, that they may prepare themſelves for their meeting to morrow; all ſcores ſhall then be clear'd.——

Sall. Now you ſpeak as if your intentions were ſo, but I much doubt it.——We'll leave you to your Diſcretions.

Andr. } We'll not fail you.——
Alger. }

[*Exeunt* Sall. Dorm.

Enter Dewcraft.

Dew. Gentlemen, I'm as good as my word, I am come to perform my promiſe to you.——

Andr. We truly thank you.——Where's *Belloon*?——

Dew. He'll not fail, I'll warrant him: I muſt tell you of the Pleaſanteſt Intriegue in the World, relating to Old *Sordico*'s fair Wife, and our Prieſt.——

Sem. Now I imagine why *Sordico* ſo importun'd me a while a go: Come we'll have it at my Houſe, I can ſtay no longer. We expect you there, Gentlemen.——

Alger. Gad I love a merry Tale with all my Heart, I muſt have it before we part.——

Andr. Gentlemen, Adieu to you; I hope you'll follow us to my Brother's.——

Dew. We'll not fail you.——

[*Exeunt* Semorin *and* Andramont.

Alger. I'll follow inſtantly; but pray get me a good Fire, and a Bottle of *Mounteſiaſco* to Drink the Princeſſes Health. Farewel, Farewel.——Come *Dewcraft*, you and I go one way; I'll oblige you, as we go, to give me a Relation of this Adventure of yours.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Chocolate House.*

Enter Sordico.

Sord. Here, give me ſome Chocolate, I have Been Drinking Tea, and 'tis ſo bad, I admire our Sparks can bear with it, it can't be above two Duccats a Pound; my Wife's coſt four *Cecchines*, but ſhe and I have had ſome miſunderſtanding.——

Maid. Indeed, Sir, ſome Gentlemen were talking here laſt Night of your Worſhip mightily.——

Sord. Did they talk of me, ſaid'ſt thou? Did they ſay nothing of my Wife too, you little Rogue you? Come prithee tell me, you muſt tell me.——

Maid. You muſt pardon me there, Sir; I have many a good gift from ſome of them.——

Sord. Why, I'll be as liberal as any of 'em, here, here, here's Mony for you; Come, who were they? What did they ſay? you muſt tell me, you muſt tell me, you muſt.——

Maid. There was Sir *Thomas*, you know who I mean, and Eſq; *Longback*, the fine Beau: Major *Mettleman*, and my Lord *Pickherup*, and I thought they wou'd all have burſt their ſides with Laughing.

Sord. What? Did they Laugh at me? they were Villains for't: but what Lord was it? what Lord?——

Maid. Why it was my Lord what you call 'em, he ſaid he had been at the Temple laſt Night, and then he Laugh'd extreamly.——

Sord. Was it my Lord *Dewcraft*? 'Sbud I'm damnably afraid it was.—— [*Aſide.*

Maid.

Maid. Yes, Yes, Sir: You know, I find, what Lord it was; he is a Fine Gentleman, and very handsome, he has such a Leg, such a Shape, such a Meen, he's enough to Charm the whole Sex of us: They say he has a great Deal of Money too.——

Sord. Pox on him, I was to have had some on't.—[*Aside.* But what did he say, Prithee, no harm, I hope?

Maid. Why, if you must needs know, Sir, they all said, that our High Priest and his Companion were the best Pimps in Town; and had not some Ladys come in a Coach, that I was oblig'd to attend, I had known all.——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Some Chocolate to the Ladies in the Coach.——Gad they're all Whores.——

Sord. That's an Impudent Boy. Go, go, and tell me if there's one in a White Sattin Night-Gown, lin'd with Cherry colour? [*Exit. Maid.*

Maid *Re-enters.*

Maid. Faith she's there, and gave me this Note for my Lord: Gad I had like to have spoil'd all, and told his Name.

Enter Belloon.

Bell. Did my Lord *Dewcraft* leave e're a Note for me?

Maid. No; but here's one from you know who, and she said she wou'd call again presently.—Hold, you must not open it; you're to give it where you promis'd the Lady.——

Bell. I understand you; some double Chocolate with Banillioes.

Sord. Do you know my Lord *Dewcraft*, Sir?

Bell. Why do you ask, Sir?——

Sord. Because he, and the little Shadow of a Lord, *Festolin*, has cheated me.——

Bell. You are very free with their Characters, Sir; they are Men of Honour, I assure you.——

Sord. What, are they your Friends then? I'm afraid you are in the Conspiracy! Confess, Sir, I'le Complain at Court of you all.——

Bell. You are like to have Redress there, *Sordico*!——

Enter Dewcraft, *and* Festolin.

Sord. Oh! are you here, Sir! Is this some of your haunts then? Will you pay me the *Cecchines* you bargain'd for?

Dew. This is not a Place, *Sordico*, to talk of Bargains: Pray how do's thy good Lady do?——

Sord. The worse for you, Sir, —I Vow he's a handsom Fellow, I'm afraid he has made a Monster of me. Gad I feel something in my Forehead Sprouting already. [*Aside.*

Maid. My Lord, he wou'd fain have seen this Letter. But I was too honest to let him. They stay for you at the Temple.

Fest. Friend *Sordico*, what Purchases have you made lately? Sure you must needs have a good Fat Mortgage on my Lord *Scatterbrains* Estate e're this?——

Sord. Avant, Fiend, Avant: what? hast thou the Impudence to call me Friend, after you've us'd me and my Wife thus Unconscionably? But, i'faith, both you and she shall smart for't.——

Fest. Thou wilt be a Fool upon Record I find, do what I can: go Fool, go home, and make much of your Lady: if thou hast a mind to move the Senate for a Divorce, they'l ne're allow on't, 'tis a bad Example, and may prove of Dangerous Consequence.——

Sord. I have some Interest in my Lord *Semorin*; I am Resolv'd, if he'l undertake it, to Present half the *Cecchines* to his Lady, and then I shall be sweetly Reveng'd on you all.——

Fest. What, because I wou'd save thy Honour?——

Sord.

Sord. 'Tis no matter; I know what I know, and am fix'd in my Reſolution.—— [*Exit. Sordico.*

Feſt. Not of hanging thy ſelf, I hope.——

Dew. No Faith; the old Dotard has Wit in his Anger, and to make a plain Confeſſion, this Wife of his ſticks Plaguily in my Stomach——I cannot bring her to the Lure, ſhe's ſo Virtuous.

Maid. This Old Gentleman's in a Peck of troubles. I hope he is not Maſter of the Young Lady in the White Sattin Gown. I ſhall find you out. Squire *Long-back* had her Dog'd, he Swore he wou'd have her at his Chambers before to morrow Night, ſhe look'd ſo like Quality.

Dew. Prithee, who Dog'd her?

Maid. Jack Porter, he is the beſt at it in the World.——

Dew. Send him to me at the Theatre, he muſt go to the Carriers for ſome Veniſon, any of the Box-keepers will call me out.

Maid. The Ladies enquir'd, my Lord, if there was no Veniſon Left here. Won't you ſend me a Plate?

Dew. Well, thou ſha't! If they call again, tell 'em I am gone before.——

Maid. I know one of them; ſhe was to ask for Sir *Thomas* the other Night, and ſhe that was with her, was very angry, ſhe had loſt her Tippit and Gold Watch, and Swore that Major *Mettleman* had them, or my Lord *Pickherup*.

Dew. They're two ſad Fellows; they'l ne're have Sow'd their Wild Oats, I think: Come, my Lord, ſhall we go?——

Feſt. Now your Brains are a working.

[*Setting their Wiggs firſt in the Glaſs.*

You can't digeſt this *Sordico*'s Wife.——

Bell. This good old Gentleman wou'd have given me a Relation of this Intrigue of yours, if I wou'd have given him the hearing.——

Dew. He's ſomewhat Uneaſie, but it is no matter. I fear my Lord *Semorin*, and *Andramont* will ſtay for us.——

Feſt. If a Note comes for me, be ſure to ſend *Jack* with it to the *Bagnio*. I ſhall be there when the Opera is over.

Maid. I will, Sir.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Chang'd.*

Enter Princeſs *and Lady* Semorin.

Prin. Say no more, Madam, if you'll oblige me, concerning *Andramont*; I have been too free with you in owning how much my inclinations are in favour of him; but now I find my ſelf neglected: yet could not have thought that my Uncle *Algernoon* would have ſerv'd me thus.

Lady. My life for't, Madam; ſomewhat extraordinary has happen'd, which has prevented their waiting on you.——

Prin. 'Tis now three Hours I have been here, and I ought not to have ſtaid ſo long, before I had made my Complaints to his Majeſty.

Lady. The King, Madam, went a hunting to day, and will not return theſe two hours: Be pleas'd, Madam, to divert your ſelf a little; I have a Servant ſhall Sing you a new Song, which perhaps you have not heard, Madam.

[*Song and Dance.*

At the end of the Song, Enter Algernoon.

Alger. Faith, I like this well; now we are as we ought to be: I doubt not, my Dear Niece, but this good Lady has entertain'd you to your liking.——

Prin.

Prin. I muſt own ſhe has been very obliging; but methinks, Sir, you have not been ſo very kind, in making me ſtay thus long.——

Alger. Come, now I muſt ſpeak the truth, tho' I am chid for't. Faith, thou would'ſt not have thought it ſo long, if *Andramont* had been here.——Well, I have been doing your buſineſs with your good Father the King, who has granted me his Commiſſion to treat with you upon *Andramont*'s account.——

Prin. What, Uncle, without my ſpeaking to him? I'm confident the King will not force me to any thing, contrary to my inclinations. And had *Andramont* any regard for me, I ſhou'd have ſeen him long e're this; I have been to blame indeed for my freedom with him, but will for the future know my ſelf better.——

Lady. I ſhall not upon my account, Madam, betray the truſt you've placed in me; but with ſubmiſſion, let me entreat you, ſeeing my Brother is ſo fortunate as to have your favour, and is wholly innocent, you'll pleaſe not to harbour an unkind thought of him, 'till you know the Reaſon of his ſtay,——which I ſuppoſe this worthy Lord can give you.——

Alger. I dare engage my word for't, he's again vindicating you. Theſe young Nephews of mine are very troubleſome.——

Prin. I hope they have not fought, there may happen ill accidents on both ſides; it would concern me much, if either of them ſhou'd receive any prejudice upon my account.——

Alger. What has happen'd I know not; but, Faith, I begin a little to be concern'd my ſelf, that he is not come e're this; indeed I thought to have found him here.——

Prin. Good Uncle, you fright me much, but by your looks you ſeem as if you knew more than you are willing to reveal to me.——

Alger.

Alger. Let me think a moment: Pray, Madam, is my Lord *Semorin* return'd?

Lady. No, Sir.——

Alger. Nor have you heard nothing from him, no Servant come from him, no Meſſage ſent to the Princeſs?——

Lady. No indeed, Sir, not that I know of; but I will ſtreight make enquiry.—— [*Exit.*

Alger. Pray do, Madam.——

Prin. Now, good Uncle, tell me, what the King ſays to the *Dowager*'s confining us; as for my two young Uncles rudeneſs, I hope you have not acquainted him with it.——

Alger. Then I perceive your thoughts are chiefly for them; I was in full expectation they were better employ'd, and that you would have met me with a kinder welcome: Is this your deſign'd Reward for *Andramont?* who every moment finds ſomewhat or other to admire in you: And pray why do you think me ſo negligent of your Honour, as not to acquaint the King with your Uncles inſolencies? His Majeſty will have them baniſh'd the Court. But to my buſineſs, have you no kind thoughts in *Andramont*'s favour? Be ſincere, and tell me.

Prin. O, my Dear Uncle! forgive my weakneſs, I'll lay my Heart open to you, nor ſhall one thought eſcape me—— I love the noble *Andramont*, and my affection encreaſes daily,——I fear he has perceiv'd it; nay more, that he begins to neglect me.——

Alger. For that I'll anſwer for him: he's I'll warrant chaſtizing theſe young Sparks; and, by my Sword, they are very provoking.——

Prin. Then you think he has an affection for me?——

Alger. Madam, he adores you, can neither Eat, Drink, or Sleep without you, thou art perpetually dancing in his Brains.—I hear the Servants move a-pace, he muſt be coming. I wou'd have you be very reſerv'd, 'twill make him the more your Admirer; but pray Madam, be not too ſevere with him.——

Enter

295

Enter Lady *and* Andramont.

Lady. Madam, my Brother is in great impatience, 'till he has kiss'd your Highnesses Hand.——

Andr. Great Princess, I must make my approaches to you, as to a Tribunal; my Blood chills in my Veins, and strikes a silence unto all my Senses, when I draw near your Presence: Help me, ye Gods of Eloquence, or I shall never be able to express how much I do adore you.——

Prin. Pray rise, Sir; I hear from my good Uncle, that you and *Sallamack* are at some odds, I wou'd know what occasion'd it?——

Andr. Forgive me, Madam, the story will be unpleasant; I can only acquaint you with some repeated instances of their wonted pride and insolence towards your Highness.——But let them be forgot: Give me leave, Madam, to improve this opportunity; the God's will not be always so favourable to me.

Alger. I hope, *Andramont*, you have not fought, without making me one of your Company?——

Andr. 'Tis even so. Meeting accidentally with *Dewcraft*, after he had parted with you, we were Dog'd by your Nephews to my Lodgings; I had no sooner refresh'd my self, and coming to wait on you, at the Castle Gates we met with *Sallamack* and *Dormantle*, had not patience to defer it till another time; we order'd our Coaches to set us down at the Park Gate, where we fairly fought it out.——

Alger. I'm sure thou hast done their business then?——

Andr.

Andr. The truth is, they were both wounded; but I believe not Mortal.——*Dewcraft's* gone to make enquiry, he'll be here immediately, that we may both prepare for our Retirement, if there's occasion.

Prin. My Uncles slain!——Cruel *Andramont!* what have you done? Cou'd I expect this from you?——

[*She faints.*

Lady. The Princess faints, good Brother help here.——

Andr. Chear up, most lovely Princess, their Wounds are no ways dangerous, Madam: *Dewcraft* will streight be here, and inform your Highness better.

Prin. Nature works powerfully in me, and I must mourn their fall.——Yet these ungrateful wretches wou'd have us'd me worse.

Andr. Then, Madam, pray compose your self: Let no Grief touch your fair Soul; each sigh falls from you, pierces the Heart of your most faithful *Andramont.*

Prin. I've done. Pray Uncle when shall we wait on the King? I fear we shall offend him in our staying so long.——

Alger. No, no, I have Authority for what I do, you may trust your self with me.——

Andr. Thou best of Men, how shall I requite these favours?

Alger. If what I do, prove to your Advantage, Generous *Andramont*, I have my end.——

Andr. Madam, I find your Apprehensions great, least you offend his Majesty——Your good Uncle's assurance is a sufficient Warrant. O Madam, stay your self near me.——Cast on me one pleasing look from those charming Eyes, they'll enable me to perform my Services due to your Greatness, and I shall ever own your Power and Bounty.

Prin.

Alger. If what I do, prove to your Advantage, Generous *Andramont*, I have my end.——

Andr. Madam, I find your Apprehensions great, leaſt you offend his Majeſty. Your good Uncle's Aſſurance is a ſufficient Warrant. O Madam, ſtay your ſelf near me. Caſt on me one Pleaſing Look from thoſe Charming Eyes, 'twill enable me to perform my Services due to your Greatneſs, and I ſhall ever own your Power and Bounty.——

Prin. Don't Flatter me, *Andramont*; if you prove falſe, I'm ruin'd: But if, as my Soul wiſhes, I ſhall be truly happy.—

Andr. The Gods ſure form'd you on purpoſe for my Adoration.——

Alger. Come, Time's Precious. My Dear Niece, to be Plain with you, I have the King's Conſent for your Marriage with Prince *Andramont*. If you approve it, I'le ſend for a Prieſt, and it ſhall be done Privately at my Lodgings.——

Prin. What ſhall I do?—I find, *Andramont*, that Fate will make me yours.—

Andr. Come to my Arms, here let me Claſp thee ever, and Claſping thus.—The Gods ſhall ſee, and Envy our Embraces: Now hear me, heavens!

Pour down your Bleſſings on this bounteous head,
Where everlaſting Sweets are always Springing.

Alger. May the Heav'ns always bleſs and Smile on both of you, may you be happy ev'n to an Exceſs here—Take her, and make much of her—Here's *Semorin*, and *Dewcraft* come very opportunely to be Witneſſes.

Enter Semorin, *and* Dewcraft.

Dew. Of what, my Lord?

Alger. Of making theſe two fair Souls into one; and while the Prieſt is ſent for, you muſt oblige us with a ſhort Relation how the *Dowager* is diſpos'd of: as for the two Young Sparks, they're not worth the Enquiring after.—

Sem. The *Dowager* is confin'd to her House in the Country, the Priests imprison'd During Life, the two Counts are to be banish'd the Island, and to Depart this Night.

Andr. Dewcraft, thou art truly Welcome, and I shall ever esteem you as my Friend: Madam, I must present you with one who well deserves your favours. [*Kisses the* Princess *hand.*

Enter Sordico.

But what business I wonder draws *Sordico* here!

Sord. My Lord *Semorin*, I always took you for a Man of Conscience and Honour; I find I'm mistaken, you've Countenanc'd my Lord *Dewcraft* in Cozening me of my *Cecchines*, I find these Money Bags of mine shall still be Empty, and that I must keep my Wife, when all's Done.

Dew. Thou must indeed, and in Truth you ought to Cherish so Virtuous a Lady; for you don't deserve her. Go, *Sordico*, make your peace with her, and tell her we all desire her Company at Prince *Andramont's*, to conclude this Night's happy Solemnity.———

Then to the Gods, let it always be your Prayer,
That of the Virtuous, they would still take Care.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *MILLS*.

'TIS something hard, in this well-minded Nation,
T'expose a Friend, and shew your Indignation,
For one poor single Act of Fornication.
Our Bard, I'm told, was once resolv'd to Day,
To send me first to damn his own dull Play:
And then, perhaps, you Sparks that seem to slight him,
Had chang'd your Note, and lik'd his Play to spite him.
'Twas writ in haste, yet he will not disown
The Brat, tho' homely, since 'tis all his own,
Which few of you can say in this lewd Town.
Begot and form'd in a Poetick Vein,
And sprung like Pallas *from his teeming Brain.*
We strive in vain to please a factious Age;
Contending Tribes will ne're alike engage.
If we to Virtue lean, the Bullies huff,
And cry, 'tis damn'd dull Fustian Stuff:
When with soft Arts we gentle Love inspire,
And warm Entaunders *kindle fond desire:*
Th' opposing Party frowns with strict Grimace,
And strikes us dead with a controuling Face.

What

EPILOGUE.

What can a Poet do to please this Age?
Yet we fare harder still who Farm the Stage.
The Rats, for want of Bread, devour our Scenes,
Whilst we're half starv'd, for others want of Brains.
Hide-bound, and lank, like Pharaoh's menere Kine,
The hungry Martyrs of the tuneful Nine.
Nay, we'll contrive that you shall have your share,
We'll turn the Pit into a House of Prayer;
And there, where oft you've sin'd, you may repent it,
And all come thrice a Week to keep your Lent in.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Newly Publish'd, The Person of Quality's Answer to Mr. *Collier*'s Letter, being a Dissuasive from the Play-House. In which are inserted the Apologies of a Young Lady, and Young Gentleman, in behalf of the Ladies and Gentlemen who frequent the Play-House.

Concio Laici: Or, the Layman's Sermon. In order to an Inward and Sincere, as well as an Outward and Formal, keeping of the Solemn Fast: Appointed to be kept on *January* 19, 17c¾. Shewing that Hypocrisie, more than open Lewdness, is the crying Sin of the Nation; that it brought us into Danger of the Calamity now Impending over us; and that it keeps us from getting out of it.